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Respy Yours
Chas. E. Furman

VALLEY OF THE GENESEE.

A POEM,

—BY—

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“HOME SCENES,” ETC.

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PREFACE.

IT IS with many misgivings that the author presents the production contained in this small volume to the eyes and to the consideration of his particular friends, and as many others as may be interested in its perusal. It was commenced some ten years since as a source of recreation, occupying now and then a leisure hour in the intervals between what seemed to be more essential duties. What was written as new then has become old now. Some who were alive then, of whom, or on whose account he wrote, are now designated by a star (*), the symbol of death, and live only in affectionate remembrance. There are few in the city and vicinity of Rochester who have not more or less interest in Mt. Hope—the city of the dead—on account of the daily and hourly thoughts that are reverting to the lost, but still loved ones, who are there at rest. Nearly one-third of the work is devoted to meditations upon that sacred spot so dear to many a heart.

VALLEY OF THE GENESEE.



In distant hills the streamlets have their source,
And, rippling, race along their pebbly course.
They wend their way through woods and flowery
meads,

Their shores in shade of alders and of reeds.
Their waters teem with nimble speckled trout,
Tempting the angler's hook to draw them out.
Thus, from the hills flow down upon the lea,
The rills, when meeting, form the Genesee.

The mingling waters linger on their way,
And rest within the valley near Nunda,
Whose charming village rising hills surround
Like guardian sentinels that wait around.
Thence, were the citizens so widely known,
Bell, who to wealth from forest lands has grown,
And Lampert, who his country's wants discerned,
How to supply them, and his own has learned.

Below a white Squaw spent her later days,
When young, was lost, and reared in Indians' ways,
Though urged by friends, civilians dress to wear,
Yet, Mary Jemison chose the Indians' fare.
The habit formed, it is not easy broke,
And freedom may be heavier than the yoke.

The river flows through gaps in mountains strong,
Dashing its wild and maddened way along.
Now at the portage, down the rugged steep,
Through rocky caverns, dismal, dark and deep
Rushes in torrents, or gyrating whirls,
And round the rocks and promontories curls,
Till at Mount Morris foot extended plains,
Fertile and fair, thick set with cereal grains,
Open and welcome to a peaceful rest,
The waters, dashed from crest of rocks to crest.
Here rises where the confluent rivers meet
The hill, where nestles Murray's country seat,
Amid exotic plants and native trees,
And flowers, exuberant, the sense to please,
Where hospitality, unstinted, knows
But little odds between its friends and foes.

The laborers who toil when summers come,
Are not forgotten in their winter home.
His almoners are left with bread to share
With stricken ones, who need his fostering care.
Here, long and well has Parsons served his Lord ;
Long may he serve, ere meeting his reward.
Hastings, in law, and Ames, in healing, skilled,
Have their professions honorably filled.
In enviable quiet lived near by,
In the esteem of neighbors standing high ;
And nought beside in value e'er exceeds,
But christian worth and patriotic deeds,
And General Brooks, of Brooksgrove, left a name
Untarnished, honored, lasting as his fame.

Above Mount Morris, on extensive plains,
The fertile soil, Canaseraga drains.
A small community of Shakers dwell,
Industrious, frugal, honest, peaceable.
And there are children, fathers both and mothers,
All are one band of sisters and of brothers.
Among them is no husband and no wife,
They all profess a pure and holy life.
Of good and bad things they may be possessed,
The Judge of *all things* will decide the best.

Around them lies fair Sonyea—wood and field,
That fruits and harvests in abundance yield.
Where the McNairs have prominently stood,
Like many a Scotchman, good among the good.
Where Aitkins' theories of gospel truth,
Have leavened minds, now old ones from their youth.
Then up the vale, between the loftier hills,
Dansville grew up with fact'ries, homes and mills,
With many an Indian euphonistic name,
Why give a place of beauty, one so tame ?
The Faulkners here, the fathers and the sons,
Have been in their professions, favored ones.
Here on the hill-side, Jackson's far-famed cure
Opens its portals to the rich and poor.

In Moscow, where the flowing waves divide
The west, from Geneseo's eastern side,
The gallant Boyd, by savage tortures fell,
That pen declines to paint, and tongue to tell,
His mangled frame, in martial robes enclosed,
His comrades laid where it for years reposed,
Now, in a hill side of Mount Hope it lies
And waits a second summons for his dust to rise.
This was the turn of Sullivan's campaign ;
Scattered and peeled, or by our soldiers slain,

It broke of the six tribes, the federate chain,
To Freedom's glory, and eternal gain.

Over the western hills, on higher ground,
The fruitful fields and beauteous groves surround
The shining waters of the Silver lake,
So long infested with a monster snake.
Thousands resorted to its verdant bank,
To see the scaly serpent, as he sank
Beneath the surface of the troubled wave,
His fearful length and rounded sides to lave,
Or rose, to warm his snakeship in the sun,
When he in gambols or in circles run.
How came he there, what hand had thrust him in ?
All reasons and conjectures seemed too thin.
Nor scientists, nor doctors could assign
A cause. Nor Page, the pastor, could divine,
Nor his discriminating eye discern ;
Nor wit, nor wisdom of the neighbors learn
The mystery, though twenty years or more
They had resided on, or near the shore.
At last, the puzzling and the ugly thing,
Proved to be nothing but a stranded string
Drawn back and forth by a still smaller cord,
To trick the people, and a chance afford

To fill the pockets of the hostel lord.

The wedded streams flow murm'ring through the
moor,

Like cooing lovers on their bridal tour,

To the broad plains, where Big tree once had spread
Its branches wide to shield the Indian's head ;

Where roaming beasts found shelter from the heat,
And in whose top the birds a cool retreat.

Upon the eastern slope, a village stands,
That overlooks the broad and level lands.

And far beyond, the hills in beauty rise,
That seem to meet the sunset's golden skies.

No lofty crags—no snow-capp'd airy heights,
Where the young eaglets make their trial flights,
But corn-crowned fields, and pastures fresh and green,
And lowing herds and bleating flocks are seen.

The orchards that are covered o'er with bloom,
Pervading all the air with sweet perfume,
And in the Autumn, with their burdens bend,
Enchantment to the scenes of beauty lend.

Amid the forest trees, preserved with care,
And lawns, and flowers whose fragrance fills the air,
The Wadsworth mansion, deep embowered stands,
The centre of his broad, extended lands.

Not as inherited, or feudal states,
But fruits of foresight, for which patience waits,
From small beginnings, the sublimer end
To which all foresight and all out-lays tend.
Upon the out-skirts of the village lies
The silent home for witless ones, and wise,
Where lofty ones and lowly, one by one
Retire from labor, when life's work is done.
There, on a level with the lowliest head,
The gallant Wadsworth made his lowly bed.
Among the first to hear his country's call,
Among the foremost in the van to fall.
He freely died, his country's life to save,
His country mourns the life he freely gave.
He had no boon to crave, no want to meet,
His life, his all were at his country's feet.
Let daughters sing his requiem o'er his grave,
And sons of Geneseo emulate the brave.

No braver spirit, mounted steed,
Left fairer sylvan shade,
Or bid adieu to brighter home,
To draw the battle blade.

He loved not home a whit the less,
Nor friends he loved before ;

Though strong the cords between that bound,
He loved his country more.

The first to hear the bugle note,
And drummer's rallying beat;
The first to meet advancing foes,
The last in the retreat.

Fair freedom drest in sable robes
And sighed her grief to tell,
When in the fray at Wilderness,
Her hero nobly fell.

Let maidens crown the massive stone
That rests above his head,
With fairest flowers of blooming May,
And wail the gallant dead.

Hard by is seen the patriotic name,
High standing on the nation's scroll of fame.
'Tis no low honor to be called the son
Of him, who dared to write "Carrol of Carrolton."

Near to the Wadsworth tomb, the marble stands
O'er Forman's grave, whose voice, with lifted hands
First broke the silence of the wilderness,
Proclaiming, Jesus cross, and righteousness.

And after him, the gifted Bull and Lord,
And longer still, the loved, and loving Ward,
Have stood defenders of the Gospel plan,
Embassadors for Christ—the advocates for man.

Mile after mile, the river winds its way
Between grass-covered slopes and hills of gray ;
Through fields of golden wheat or growing corn,
Which ripening, fills the emblematic horn.
Adown the broad expanse its waters glide,
Laving the feet of hills on either side.
The east and west, ascending from their base,
With smiles, look on each other face to face.
And who can tell which is the fairest dressed,
Avon the east, or Caledonia west.
Out of the vales of Avon waters flow,
That oft times health upon the sick bestow ;
Famed for their many virtues far and nigh,
Thousands are led, their healing power to try,
The further wonders of the brimstone spring,
The Bard* of Avon (Avon has a Bard) may sing.
And fair Livonia, whose feet the waves
And rippling waters of Conesus laves,
Rises and falls in undulating fields,
And large returns to honest labor yields,

Both Parmelee and Millham a decade
Of years, a telling record for their Master made.
Known through the land is Lima's towering hill,
Where Athens and Jerusalem distil
Their mingled dews, and Barnard's gentle voice
Won many a sinner to a Mary's choice.

Upon the western side, a noble band,
From Scotland's hills, and heather till'd the land.
Where fathers dwelt, the children still abide,
Among themselves paternal fields divide.
Denoon had learned in Aberdeen the art,
Of teaching creeds, he learned in youth by heart.
McLaren, Campbell, Cameron blood remains,
And undiluted, courses through their veins.
Adjoined to this, is Wheatland—hill and plain,
Named for the product of its staple grain.
Of early settlers Scottsville once possessed,
The Hanfords (scattered now) were counted with the
best.

Known far and wide is Edson's skill to heal,
To God and his profession, true as steel.
There schooled in Scotland, skilled in Bible lore,
McCall proclaimed it twenty years or more.
And now a Weed in public favor grows,

His truth, with humor, sometimes overflows.
And Philip Garbutt, long of Garbuttville,
Lives in the mem'ry of the people still.
His christian virtues, and his upright walk,
Are made the theme of many a social talk.
A hundred Garbutt kindred, with surprise
We hear, lie in God's acre, where he lies.
His and Hall's groves are there, the stream, the mills,
And all around are fruit and grain clad hills.
Kelly, the teacher, and the child to please,
Welcomes their pic-nic lunches 'neath the trees;
Provides them tables, water from the spring,
And for the day, he reigns their forest King.

In Caledonia, near to Wheatland's line,
Is Wadsworth's model farm, where highlands join
The lowlands, and the hundred acre lawn,
With beauties that the pencil ne'er has drawn
Lies wide, extended, level as a floor,
With grassy, velvet carpet covered o'er.
Thick studded with the oak and walnut trees,
Their leaves are rustling in the autumn breeze;
Large herds of cattle crop the verdant glade,
Or chew their cud reclining in the shade.
The river, curving, sweeps along its banks,

And from the trees that near them stand in ranks,
The brown nuts fall in rich profusion round,
That nimble fingers gather from the ground.
A narrow lake sleeps on the other side
Where it is said the Indian, Biglog died—
A victim to the superstitious thought
That by his will, dire witcheries were wrought,
And from the evils feared, themselves to save,
They sank his body in the troubled wave.
Since then the pond, though limited its fame,
Has borne the Indian's homely English name ;
To this fair meadow hundreds yearly ride,
From Scottsville, Rochester ;—the other side,
From Avon, sheltering in the cooling shades,
Where, through the foliage, sunlight gleams and fades.

A morning 'neath October's softest rays,
When the retreating sun curtailed the days,
With Weed we visited the overseer,
Who, reins in hand, conveyed us front and rear.
First on the river bank, then by the lake,
Whence angler's hooks the spotted pick'rel take ;
Then halted in the shade of spreading trees,
Where ripening frosts and every passing breeze
Shook down the nuts from each well-loaded limb,—

We filled our bags and baskets to the brim.
Thus lured by Curtis from our steady ways,
We went a nutting as in youthful days.

Near by, occurred the far-famed Bonney trance ;
'Twas nothing better than a sad romance,
For "going out" she ne'er returned to state,
What was her own, or other mortal's fate.

Here the Oatka, flowing down the lea,
Adds its bright waters to the Genesee ;
Along its banks a charming valley lies,
Between the hills in graceful slopes that rise,
Beside the stream the State Line Rail Road runs,
That carries burdens by the thousand tons ;
Far up the vale between the fertile hills,
Nestle the villages with shops and mills,
And stores and factories, with busy hands,
That build, or trade, or cultivate the lands.

Wyoming early reputation gained
By schools in which the youthful mind was trained ;
And Skinner's eloquence and well-earned fame,
Brought lasting honors to the village name.

Up in the narrows, highlands nearly meet,
Oatka laves the sandals of their feet ;

There Warsaw stands, approaching hills between,
'Mid village beauties an acknowledged Queen.
There Frank in youthful manhood made his way,
With other settlers in an early day;
He healed the sick, though rich or poor might come ;
He added comforts to a humble home ;
A double legacy he left his heirs—
Religious principle and business cares ;
They ne'er forgot his counsels to obey,
But like their sire revered the holy day ;
And on each Sabbath with the day's decline,
The branches round the old maternal vine,
Assembled reverently at her feet,
She, like Gamaliel, on the teacher's seat ;
And the first question : "the chief end of man,"
They answered, and the lesson thus began ;
Through all her years she questioned ; they replied,
Until the venerated mother died.
Fisher, with only willing hands and brains,
In early times entered the Queen's domains ;
Though with success his industry was crowned,
Religion ne'er in worldly seas was drowned.
He went, returned with ample fortune blest,
In life declining, to enjoy his rest ;

Not this alone, like Frank for other's good,
He in the counsels of his country stood ;
Its unity and honor both to save,
And break the iron fetters of the slave.
There Gates employed his potent voice to save
His fallen fellow-men and stimulate the brave.
A quarter cent'ry now has Nassau been
Heaven's voice, to teach his flock, to warn them, and
to win.

Adown the vale as you the way pursue,
New scenes of beauty strike th' admiring view ;
A broader surface now the eye commands,
As hills fall off to gently rolling lands ;
And where the eye a broader view can take
Of what was once a basin for the lake,
From some proud eminence above the rest,
Or tower that stands upon some rising crest,
The sky seems drooping and on every hand,
It rests its edges on the sea and land ;
On this broad terrace,—once a wat'ry bed,
The forests green in spring, in autumn red,
Or tinged with golden hues of varied kinds,
Sung solemn dirges to the restless winds ;
No sound beside but that of roaming beasts,

That on each other make their bloody feasts,
Or wilder birds like eagles or the owls,
That make night hideous with their frightful howls,
Or whoop of savage with no better name.
Whose origin is hid, and whence he came,
Wild and untamable by human art,
With savage intellect and savage heart,
A mystery to science, to himself unknown,
Was ever heard ; but darkness reigned alone.
The wrongs he suffered and the wrongs he did,
In the sealed book of God securely hid,
No tongue, nor pen in time can e'er reveal,
The hand of God alone must break the seal.
Some were possessed of many a noble trait,
They love forever or forever hate.
Whoever reads of Outalissis zeal,
To save Wyoming from the murderous steel
Of British lions, and the Huron crew,
That from the heart of beauteous Gertrude drew
The blood, and blood of helpless innocence,
But with an admiration full, intense.
Our fancies oft with highest charms invest,
The maiden in her Indian costume dressed,
Who flung herself the victim, or the screen ;
The white man and the tomahawk between,

The name of Pocahontas long will stand,
Recorded in the history of our land.
Beside these virtues that the poet sings,
Or artist draws to seem like living things,
Will stand the strong the terrible reverse,
Red Jacket's hatred and his bitter curse.

When first the settlement began to wax,
And forests fell before the woodman's ax,
Rude cabins enterprising settlers made ;
Of straightened logs, one on the other laid ;
Then filled the crevices with mud and sticks,
They answered in the room of frames or bricks :
The roof was made of strips of bark or board,
The door would entrance, window light afford.
Happy the hours in humble dwellings spent—
Heard were the prayers from lowly altars sent :
From homes like these youths often emanate,
To grace professions and the halls of state,—
A century has not passed since pale men broke
The native silence with the master's stroke
Of axes on the oaks, and elms, and pines,
For room to plant their cottages and vines ;
And now the forests, beasts and savage men,
Have disappeared ; wasted and gone, as when

The frosts and snows of winter melt away,
Before the rains and sunny days of May.
Where idle Indians round their wigwams stood,
Or stretched their lazy length upon the sod,
Waiting for squaws with toil and burdens worn,
To boil their vension and their pounded corn,
The meadows green and golden harvests wave,
The fruits an ever bounteous goodness gave
To industry. Abundance now adorns
The hills and valleys once accursed with thorns,
The farmer's is a castellated home,
Without a rock-built tower or lofty dome ;
For laws protect and helping neighbors stand
The strong defenders of each other's land.

TOWN BUILDING.

In every township at some central place,
Where highways meet or waters flow apace,
The smith erects his forge and plies his art,
The wheel-wright makes or mends his plough and cart ;
Some Crispin keeps his boots and shoes for sale,
Or adds a patch when soles or uppers fail ;
The tinner makes his basins and his pans,
His water-spouts, his skimmers, and his cans ;
The mill is busy noon and night and morn,
Grinding the grists of barley, wheat and corn ;
The mill-boy, waiting, drops his wily hook,
To draw unwary fishes from the brook ;
The tailor, shears and needle both employs
To make the garments for the men and boys ;
The ladies, too, require the milliners taste,
To make their bonnets and to shape their waist.
All these must have a home, a place to live ;
To joiners, masons, all employment give ;
Some sharp-eyed Yankee with a single glance,
Sees for his fortune now the fairest chance :

He brings his cloth his ribbons and his teas,
Hardware and crock'ry, med'cines—all to please
The eye of fancy, or supply a need,
To heal, or clothe, or hungry ones to feed,
Young Esculapius who, in college, shone,
Can heal the sick, or mend a broken bone ;
Or if in time the people don't agree,
Some one will practice homœopathy.
The lawyer comes and nails his sign in sight,
For peace to make, or help them in their fight.
The low-roofed school-house very soon is made ;
A teacher is obtained of highest grade,
Who skilled in science and the needful arts,
Can teach their children, and improve their hearts ;
'Twixt books and manners he his time divides,
(Some think good manners are worth all besides) ;
No verdant Ichabod will answer now,
Boys must be taught to read, and how to bow ;
He must be both of lore and wit possessed,
Lest he should be of some Katrine the jest.
To make the growing hamlet quite complete,
A church arises near the business street.
At first, it must have no sectarian creed,
All must have charity in word and deed.
But, numbers multiplying, each one finds

His heart to former ways and faith inclines.
For conscience sake, they build up three or four,
That Christ may be divided more and more.
When will the world learn what to Heaven befel,
When God sent all Schismatics down to Hell,
But who among them can Schismatics be?
All, but the number who agree with me.
In greater doctrines, let the church agree,
In minor discord, as in song will be
Effective of the finest harmony.

THE FARM YARD AND SUGAR BUSH.

Before the birds migrate in early spring,
And snows still linger on the north hillside,
When Southern winds and length'ning sunshine bring
The tokens of a new-life's flowing tide.
Out by the old barn in the sun's bright rays,
The sheep and kine that shook with winter's cold,
Bask in the warmth of balmy vernal days,
Filled full of happiness as brutes can hold.
The playful colts run, circling round the boys,
Held by the bridle's doubly lengthened string ;
To them, in colt-hood they belong, like toys,
Till fit for labor, or their price to bring.
The brooding mares, too lazy, breath to draw,
Stretch out their limbs beneath the azure sky ;
And hungry swine turn up the mouldy straw,
And gather scattered grains of wheat and rye.
Prolific hens, discordant notes employ,
Anticipating the blest Easter-day ;
While chanticler crows out excessive joy,
They slyly hide their treasures in the hay.

The silly gander, jealous of his bride,
Hisses dislike, when fancied foes are near.
The pompous gobbler struts, and woe betide
Unwary urchins in their scarlet gear.
The gaudy peacock drags his golden plumes,
Or spreads and turns them to the dazzling rays ;
A lofty pride and haughtiness assumes,
His beauties challenge universal praise.
The guinea fowls, in dappled gray attire,
With noisy notes that grate upon the ear,
Less to the notice of the yard aspire,
And skulk in corners of the fences near.
The bees come out for honey and for wax,
To supplement their stores till flowers bloom.
And, in the sunshine, farmers dress their flax,
To fill the waiting distaff and the loom.

The farmer's home assumes a bustling air ;
The buckets, that a year have idly stood
Are overhauled, and with housewifely care,
Prepared to hold the nectar of the wood.
The copper kettles on the pole are hung,
Filled with the liquid which the maples yield ;
And burning fagots, with their firey tongue,
Expel the vapor which the sweets concealed.

Then was the time for gleesome, winsome girls,
 Wrapped up in shawls, their lips and cheeks ablush,
With nimble feet and loosely flying curls,
 To trip, by moonlight, to the sugar bush.
Boys make them more than welcome when they go,
 And syrup, from the seething kettles dip,
And pour it out upon the banks of snow,
 A sweet confection for the dainty lip.
Their lily fingers, while the wax is warm,
 Mould shapes of men, or birds, or other toys,
In truly comic or fantastic form,
 To please their fancy, *or to please the boys.*
There is no merrier time the year around,
 Than when the midnight fires, fanned by the
 breeze,
Their weird shadows cast upon the ground,
 The snow, or up and down the sugar trees.
From older and more cultivated lands,
 These scenes and seasons are now passing by ;
But from the sections, where the timber stands,
 There yearly comes a plentiful supply.

ROCHESTER.

The centre of a broader circle stands,
On either side, upon the river's strands ;
From small beginnings, Rochester has grown
To be a city, o'er the wide world known.
From eighteen hundred thirty-three it holds,
In fifty years, a hundred thousand souls.
A few remain, though now with silv'ry hairs,
Who saw, where mansions rise, wild wolves and bears.
Churches are built, and steeples pierce the sky,
Where elms and oaks their branches raised on high.
Where solid pavements cover every street,
Were narrow trails, worn by the Indians' feet.
The river's banks are not so high or steep,
But rising waters, sometimes overleap
The shore. Through streets and channels new they
 flow,
And wildly plunge into the gorge below,
The yearly springtide ever will revive
The memory of eighteen sixty-five.

SAM PATCH.

In early days, when Rochester was young,
A frenzied youth, whose name was loudly rung,
Amused the curious by his daring leaps
From upper rocks, down to the lower deeps.
At length, he built a stage above the fall,
Making a hundred twenty feet in all,
From which to spring, and "let the people know"
"That he could that, as like achievements do."
Some saw the danger, and the end foretold,
But thousands met, the madness to behold.
He sprang, and sank beneath the seething wave,
But never rose from out the watery grave.
A breathless silence through the numbers reigned ;
All felt that they with human blood were stained.
If they, their presence firmly had denied,
Sam Patch, the suicidal feat had never tried.

Below the falls, between high rocks of shale
And sandstone, lies the rough and narrow vale,
Now steep and rugged, showing but the face
Of stone, now sloping, soiled, affording place

For terraces, and trellises of vines,
That furnish luxuries of fruit and wines.
On the west bank, majestic trees surround
The Whitney* mansion with its ornate ground ;
And when our nation's natal days return,
His fires, fantastic, for the people burn,
Wheels whirl and blaze with many a varied hue,
Rockets and Roman candles, red and blue
Spring from their sockets, fill the heavens with light,
Like stars, made brilliant only by the night.

The Walbridge villa looks upon the falls,
The varying and color changing walls.
On terrace, meadow, lying on the brink,
Where cattle graze, and of the waters drink ;
A state of bliss which brutes alone enjoy,—
No human thoughts, their happiness alloy.

Upon the eastern side, the murd'rous Stout,
Drew from his brother's heart, the life blood out ;
Then, that the horror might remain unknown,
His mangled body down the bank was thrown.
His sister, in the first design had shared,
Through tears nor pleadings, could his life be spared.
Brother and wife well earned a hated name,
He, to the halter, she, to prison came.

A dozen furlongs on, the waters flow,
And down again a hundred feet below,
They rush and fall a beautiful cascade,
Where rainbow tints by morning suns are made
Upon the mist that rises from the splash
Of falling waters, as adown they dash.
There, as above, upon the river's side,
Large profits, the large factories divide.
In Hastings' mill, the paper sheets are pressed,
On which, in words, thoughts good and bad are
 dressed ;
And coarser textures, for all uses made,
Of any thickness, any size or shade.
From thence, an easy transit boatmen make
Upon the even surface to the lake—
Between still higher walls or broken ground,
Where poisonous reptiles formerly were found.
Advancing downward, towering highlands sink,
Till fens and marshes line the river's brink ;
And there pond lilies, white as driven snow,
Lie on the waters, rippling as they flow,
And lure the hand that plucks them from the stems,
From out their sweetness, drip the watery gems.
The gull, sails overhead, ready to light
Upon the prey that rises to his sight.

The fish hawk chatters in his shorter flights,
And on some arid branch or bog alights.
Bittern and crane, with shyness as you pass,
Stretch their long necks above the tallest grass.
Ducks, on the water, dive or graceful swim,
Or, when surprised, the surface lightly skim.
Young men and maidens, in the moonlight hours,
Oft pass the time amid these native bowers.
The oars of light gondolas beat the time
To tender sentiments, in measured rhyme;
And many a tale of love, though long deferred,
When blushes are concealed, in whisperings is heard.
No hour to lovers e'er was so divine,
As when the moon and stars in silvery lustre shine.

The flowing waters of the Genesee,
Mingle with waters of the inland sea,
That bear the lumber and the garnered grain,
Out to the waters of the wider main;
Thence to the marts that foreign bread consume,
And pay in products of the forge and loom.

SCHOOLS.

From first beginning, the new town was known
As one, in which the best of seed was sown.
Men from New England, trained by rigid rules,
Knew well the value of the primal schools.
These, first established for the younger mind,
By older ones would soon be left behind.
A Dewey's lore and tact were soon required,
For those, who after wider fields aspired ;
And thousands gathered at his feet, to find
The garnered wealth of so profound a mind.
No feigned austerities or frosty age,
Repelled the learner from this noble Sage,
Who, kind and gentle, winsome in his way,
Was loved through life, mourned on his dying day.

With schools of learning, youth were well supplied ;
The Seward school was noted far and wide.
She counted patrons round her home by scores,
And not a few from Briton's neighboring shores.

For solid worth, for kind maternal care,
The Allen school would with the best compare.
For training female minds and hearts, no name
Is worthy of a more enduring fame.
From youth to age, it was her work of life,
Till, nearing seventy, she became a wife.
Changes more pleasing seldom have been seen,
Than hers, when she became with King a Queen.

The academic shades of Clover street
Furnished for girls, a beautiful retreat ;
And the accomplished Bloss drew many round,
Whose loving tribute stands in Mt. Hope's towering
ground.

In room of these, so well and widely known,
New institutions into note have grown ;
The Nichols school, and Curtis, both have done,
What well deserves the good opinions won.

Some thought, to send their girls away, was best,
To different institutions, east and west ;
Upham's and Tylers and their beauteous town,
Have to each other added wide renown.

How large a debt the church to Ingham owe,
The sluggish comprehension fails to know ;
For toil and self-denial life's long day,
No treasure but Heaven's gold can ever pay.
Many within the pearly gates enjoy
The rich reward of labor in Le Roy.

Large drafts upon the public purse is made,
To build and nourish schools of higher grade,
Where girls and boys in sciences and arts,
Are taught and fitted for conspicuous parts
Upon the battle field of human life,
A field, till death, of never ending strife.
The institutions of a riper age,
Have large endowments and large patronage ;
Though not of years, nor of great wealth possessed,
The R. U. ranks with those we count the best ;
Great expectations for the future rise,
From the success of earlier enterprise.
Others obtained a charter for a college,
To be the foremost in diffusing knowledge.
While they delayed, the Baptists took their thunder,
And plunged their college with its charter under ;
God speed their efforts in their noble work,
From which the former had preferred to shirk ;

For long, long years may Anderson preside,
With Lattimore and Kendrick side by side ;
We only wish they may at length come round,
With Hall and Spurgeon on more liberal ground ;
And as we have in Christ one common Head,
Partake together eucharistic bread ;
And as we all are branches of one vine,
Drink from one cup the testamental wine.

The prophet's school a prosperous race has run
Till now, from the first moment it begun,
Its last endowments wants so fully meet,
It stands on manhood's, not on infant's feet ;
With Robinson, who filled its ruling chair,
'Twas thought no other could at all compare ;
But Strong succeeding, though at home from birth,
In head and heart is proved of solid worth.

CHURCHES.



Schools do not constitute the sum of fame.
Jesus, with thousands, is an honored name ;
Religion's roots like roots of trees run deep,
And through its branches heavenly breezes sweep ;
Favored the city where the gentle winds,
Are emblems of the spirit's kind designs ;
They come and go we know not whence or where,
But to the soul their breath is vital air,
Soon as the light broke through the forest's shade,
And sturdy blows a roomy clearing made ;
The hamlet rose, by piling log on log
That served as shelter from the storm and fog ;
Of timbers squared a comelier frame was wrought.
The people who, from eastern homes, had brought
Their Bibles, sought to worship God a place ;
Some upper room in which their voice to raise
In humble prayer and psalms and hymns of praise.
Near where the Arcade lifts its storied walls,
And thousands daily throng its open halls.
Jehiel Barnard's humble home was made :

Consumers sought the products of his trade ;
Six days employed the labor of his hands
To answer all his customer's demands.
The seventh he cleared the rubbish from his floor,
For the devout to meet within his door ;
They spoke, they sang, their hearts were one in prayer,
If in Cathedrals—God was also there.
His new-made home, the worshippers beside,
Received the city's first-made white-faced bride ;
In seventy-nine with other pioneers
She waits in patience till her Lord appears.

No time was lost the house of God to build ;
No Sabbath but its rustic seats were filled
With worshippers to hear from Williams' tongue,
Of Him in Bethlehem born, on Calvary hung.
The church rebuilt with insufficient strength,
Her walls, though stone, are leveled down at length ;
When multitudes pressed in, in Finney's day,
They signals gave of weakness or decay ;
But like the sacred Temples walls of yore,
They rose more comely than they were before.

Though wide each day the settlers clearing grows,
Through Summer's heat and Winter's drifting snows ;
Though busy hands the obstacles displace,

And blocks of stores and dwellings rise apace ;
Though mills and factories rise in solid ranks,
Built up of granite on the river's banks ;
Though forests fall before the brawny arms
Of axmen, clearing and preparing farms ;
Though Clinton digs his highway to the tides,
And outlet for productions, thus provides ;
Though tradesmen bring their wares in which to deal,
Dry goods and groc'ries, crock'ry, iron, steel,
And industry its fruits for traffic brings,
And commerce spreads abroad its whitened wings ;
Though artisans with handy work create
Prosperity for cities and the State,
The church of virtue ever the defence,
Rules in all hearts of piety and sense.
Its first behest met with a prompt regard,
And Christian Temples rose in every ward ;
With the improvements made in every place,
Religion's work has kept an even pace,
Cathedrals, churches, humbler chapels stand,
As watch-towers over cities and the land.
The pulpit that proclaims God's righteous laws,
Is ever the defence of virtue's cause ;
Its ornament that most resplendent shines,

When it accords with the unerring lines,
That God, revealing on the sacred page,
Gilds with new glories each advancing age,
And will, till knowledge shall extended be,
O'er all the earth as waters fill the sea,
As falling rain-drops permeate the soil,
To bless the sower and reward his toil ;
So fruits of righteousness will e'er be found
When truth is planted on the fallow ground.

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

What mean the Institutions that arise,
To bless the widow's and the orphan's eyes,
That take the stranger and the homeless in,
Give wine and oil to sufferers from sin?
They are the outgrowth of the new command,
Recorded by th' inspired, unerring hand;
As ye would have men love and do to you,
So you must love and unto others do.
This truth is urged by all the tongues that speak,
In the Redeemer's name week after week;
Where'er to worship, Sabbath bells invite,
And countless thousands in his praise unite;
That works of love, the sufferings divine,
Precept on precept, and the line on line,
His words, his life, his death on Calvary,
Deeply impressed on every heart may be.
These led the great apostle to decide,
Nothing to know but Jesus crucified;
From such examples all may well endure,
Labor and pain, to aid the suffering poor.
He gathers riches who his substance gives,

He who withholds to *self* in bondage lives,
In midst of worldliness and love of gain,
Of pleasures worship and of folly's reign ;
In midst of vanity and lofty show,
That often ends in depths of want and woe ;
In midst of revelry in darkened celis,
Of dissipation and in gambling hells ;
In midst of lewdness where th' unwary tread,
The way that leads to chambers of the dead ;
In midst of sorrows, and desponding grief,
Religion brings a last a sweet relief ;
And he whose tongue bears messages of love,
Whose hand parts clouds—reveals the stars above,
And wakens hope that on ecstatic wing,
Springs up on mountain heights her joy to sing ;
Knows what to angels seldom known have been,
(" His visits have been few and far between.")
This treasure is to earthen vessels given,
And not to angels whose wide field is Heaven ;
That all the workings of Redemption's plan,
May be of God alone, and not of man ;
And yet what honor rests upon their head,
Whose cautious feet without divergence tread,
Year after year, till heads are silvered o'er,
The narrow way their Master trod before.

Their Bethel reared in every place of rest,
In valleys, plains, and on the mountains crest,
Are marks where pilgrims, with their journey worn,
May dream of angels' ladders till the morn.

A generation now has come and gone,
The wheels of time their course has swiftly run,
Since two young men assumed the shepherd's staff,
To guide and guard their flocks in Christ's behalf.
They brought baptismal water from the fount,
And Moses' law from Sinai's burning mount ;
They brought from Calvary the atoning blood,
That all might wash in the unwasting flood ;
They frequented the secret closet, where
They sought their Father's will in silent prayer,
When at the altar hand was joined in hand.
They clasped the golden links of Hymen's band ;
When sickness brought its captive to the bed,
They poured the oil upon the suff'rer's head.
When death had set the soul immortal free,
They laid the mortal 'neath the cypress tree ;
Then spoke th' assurance that in Christ is found,
That God will bring their ashes from the ground.
They still remain their flocks to feed and guide,
Till God shall call them to the other side ;

Where lives of beauty, self-denial, love,
Must meet a rich inheritance above.
Both Shaw and Hall* have won an envied name,
And in the church they serve a deathless fame.

These are not all ; what numbers come to mind,
Whose names in mem'ry are as gold refined ;
The noble Comstock, dignified yet bland,
Let riches, honor, drop from out his hand,
To take the Cross so many would despise,
To lift it up for sin-bewildered eyes.

And Fillmore* now in honorable rest,
Of thousands on his different charges blest,
Waits the last summons to restore his trust,
His ransomed soul to God, his dust to dust.

Here Lee* and Whitehouse* tried their prentice hand,
But soon their voice was heard in all the land ;
The mitre now adorns each honored brow,
And may they sail no nearer Rome than now.

There is one friend I know, have known before,
His head like mine with gray is sprinkled o'er,
From youth to age the years have quickly sped,
But softly on our path has been their tread ;
His veins are filled with very best of blood,

That ran in Holland sires “ before the flood” ;
He thinks, he reads, his memory retains
The knowledge he by lamp-light labor gains ;
He lives on treasures that he gives away,
His light is brightest in the darkest day ;
For gold he waits before the palace door,
To clothe and feed the children of the poor ;
His life exemplifies his Maker’s laws,
His words are potent in his Master’s cause ;
The church he serves has not a better friend,
And what Van Ingen* is, he will be to the end.

The hoary churches, named Sts. Luke and Paul,
Are vines on which the dews of Heaven fall,
And Foote and Anstice long have filled a place,
Blest of the Spirit with his saving grace.

In what is now the venerable Third,
Where Patton’s earnest voice is weekly heard,
Young Wisner from a faithful father’s school,
Began to teach the people and to rule,
With solemn tones and manner dignified,
But few there were, who what he said, denied ;
And when his lips pronounced the word Amen,
His congregation answered their Amen ;

But in the parlor, forum, or the street,
The sober and the hum'rous often meet,
Friends look in vain the end of wit's supply,
Like Stultus on the bank to see the stream run dry.

In moving backward on the track of time,
Some way-marks stand in solitude sublime,
Objects around, though beautiful, are lost,
Like summer plants before autumnal frost,
But these like oaks through shifting years remain,
And stronger grow through storms of sleet and rain.
They are more widely known as centuries roll,
And truth extends her wings from pole to pole ;
The prophets read by Israel's tribes alone,
Are now to millions through the nations known,
The cross once reared where now the crescent stands,
Becomes the emblem of all Christian lands,
And Christ whose name was sung o'er Bethlehem's
plain,

In every land o'er all the earth shall reign.

The monk of Erfurt played his silv'ry flute,
Or voice attuned to his sweet sounding lute,
Sung for the stivers dropp'd into his hand,
The stirring sonnets of his native land ;
That voice the silence of the ages broke,

And millions from their dreamy pillows woke
To rend asunder Rome's despotic bands,
That held in hardest servitude their hands ;
That deathless voice still rides upon the winds,
Breathes notes of freedom into captive minds,
Proclaims salvation through the crucified,
That sinners now as then by faith are justified.

Blest is the memory of the precious ones,
Who rose and shed their light like April suns
Upon our path ; then soared above the storms,
To shine transcendant in their glorious forms,
As brilliants in the Savior's coronet ;
No more to darken, and no more to set.
For Knott and Pease and Coit, how short the day,
Ere they were called from earth to Heaven away ;
But still they leave their ling'ring, glimm'ring light,
The silvery rays of stars gone out of sight.

The ways of Providence how wond'rous kind,
For though the Shepherd leaves his flock behind,
Though crook and staff his hand has set aside.
No more their feet in pastures green to guide,
His tongue, though silent in the lonely grave ;
They are not left, and no kind hand to save,
When father, mother, shepherd, all forsake ;

The unseen watchmen on the rampart, take
Alternate rounds to guard the church below,
Against all danger from a raging foe ;
The elder Shepherd with a hand divine,
Secures succession in unbroken line.
To keep the ancient forms we still profess,
That clothed a Timothy in sacred dress.
Though bitter tears may fall when death removes,
The faithful pastor from the flock he loves ;
Though sorrow's cup be full and brimming o'er,
When they his long-loved face will see no more.
Others remain who consolation give,
By teaching how to bear, and how to live ;
Many the man on whom their eyes may rest ;
Whose words are peace to any troubled breast.

A Heaven inspired prophet once could see,
As were the people so the priest would be,
As pastors were employed to teach and guide ;
They taught to please and little else beside.
But few like Jonah who with fearless tongue,
Proclaimed the doom that o'er the city hung ;
But more like Jonah who to Tarshish sail,
Tempt the rough sea and belly of the whale ;
They fear when fellow-creatures hold the rod,

More than they fear the lifted hand of God ;
Their highest aim is a world-wide renown,
Nor seek God's favor, nor avoid his frown ;
Those who are wrong, will have a priest that's wrong,
Charmed by the music of his syren song.
Those who are right, will seek a pastor right,
In threatenings as in promises delight,
Though truth the joints and marrow disunite.

I look upon the man with reverence profound,
Who, standing Moses-like on holy ground,
Takes off the shoes from his unhallowed feet,
Receives from God's own hand th' unerring sheet,
And dares to an unrighteous world proclaim,
The fearful mandates of His fearful name ;
Who is best versed in Sinai's stern command,
Has learned the most of Heaven's avenging hand,
Has seen around the summit, lightning's play ;
From out the cloud that hid the light of day,
Has heard the crashing of the thunder shock ;
Knows best the value of the shelt'ring rock,
Where all the fearful may in safety hide,
And evermore in fearlessness abide.

Mount Sinai rises from the desert sands,
Among the hills of Zion Calvary stands ;

Both in their lofty grandeur may be seen,
By wand'ring pilgrims on the plains between,
He who to Sinai turns his frightened eyes,
Sees but the flaming sword by which he dies ;
But he whose eyes on Calvary's summit rest,
Is by the vision once and ever blest ;
Who sees the danger and the warning gives,
With him who heeds the warning, looks and lives ;
Such are the ministers whose lifted voice,
Direction gives to wisdom's happy choice ;
They tell the bondage to which Sinai tends,
The freedom which Jerusalem defends.
The guardian hills around Mount Zion stand,
So Heaven's defences are on every hand,
Of those who fear and honor his command.

Such men have moulded into comely form,
The city where we dwell. Affection, warm
And gushing, springs up in each Christian heart.
When memory recalls the wond'rous art
Which God bestowed on the majestic mind ;
Among the purest of the human kind,
His eyes at first would other eyes entrance,
On which he fixed their speaking, burning glance ;
His voice expressive of his scorn or hate,

The sinner's inmost soul would penetrate ;
A thousand souls waited with silent breath,
To hear the words, " wages of sin is death" ;
But greater pleasure none would have than he,
To guide the tearful eye to Calvary.
Where faith in Jesus ends unequal strife,
And takes the gift of God, eternal life.
No vulgar thought, or cant, his lips defiled,
Nothing that ever lightness could be styled.
With truth and argument, himself impressed,
Finney the conscience, mind and heart addressed.

'Twas here, the learned Penny led his flock,
In pastures green, around the clefted rock ;
It was their shelter from the storm and heat,
Whence waters flowed in murmurs at their feet.
A scholar, gentleman of priceless worth,
His speech, his gen'rous nature told his birth.

Years after, McIlvaine, whose inmost soul,
True to the church, as needle to the pole,
Proclaimed its doctrines in their strongest light,
With equal wisdom, majesty and might.

Now Robinson, with studied, careful speech,
Adapted to persuade, as well as teach,

Finds on his hands a cultivated field,
That seeded well, a hundred fold will yield.

A Wisner's sharp, two edged, polished blade,
Left the deep scars, his sturdy blows had made ;
And thousands owned and felt the power of truth,
The great, the small, the aged and the youth.
The learned of all professions, bowed in dust,
Received the Gospel with a child-like trust.
Then, as it was in pentecostal days,
Many abandoned sinful erring ways ;
Sought their salvation by th' uplifted cross,
Though they might suffer of all things the loss.
Then, were disciples greatly edified,
The evangelic church was multiplied ;
From that day forth, e'en to the present hour,
Religion, wisdom, love, and virtue pour
Their blessings down like gentle summer rain,
Converting wild wastes into fields of grain.
Or, as was Marah's stream on Ethan's sands,
Made sweet, by branches cleft by Moses' hands.
Successors, now in each vacated seat,
Pay the same homage at their Master's feet.
And Campbell, with a clear and gifted speech,
The head and heart of all his people reach.

He, for a long decade and Ellinwood,
As many years as he before, have stood,
The mainsprings of the Central; and their hands
Have raised it to the heights on which it stands.
Never forgetting for a single hour,
Their sole dependence was the Spirit's power.
Riggs, of St. Peter's, gently leads his flock,
Beside the waters, near the shelt'ring Rock.
To the new churches, strugg'ling yet to live,
Coit, Gardner, Bristol, their best service give.
While Sproull, of the Reformed, long tried and true,
Gives to his church, the prayers and labors due.
And Sankey's church, of the same Scottish blood,
By the confession, have as firmly stood.
Morris, the author, with his books around,
A happy source of usefulness has found.
And Richardson's bright, sunny, christian face,
Lightened the gloom of many a darkened place.
A welcome greets him, love re-kindled burns,
When to his Pittsford friends he now and then returns.
Long years has Thorburn fed his Ogden flock
With milk, and meat, and honey from the rock.
The first and second of the Baptist name,
Have both obtained an enviable fame.

The pastors, Brown and Baldwin, well deserve
The warm affection of the church they serve.
The early churches, named the Methodist,
In later years, in favor still exist.
But few the pastor's, mem'ry can recall,
They come and go when leaves of Autumn fall.
Muller, Van Anda, and a Stratton make
A mark, that mem'ry cannot well forsake ;
While Lloyd's most brilliant, stirring eloquence,
Is matched by Huntington's superior sense.
We often bring old friends and tried to mind,
By the memorials they have left behind.
The spire that o'er the Plymouth Church ascends,
Reminds devout ones of the best of friends ;
To worship God the saints their voices raise ;
But walls and timbers speak a Champion's praise,
And week by week its opening doors unfold,
The outer entrance to the gates of gold,
And Edwards, Bartlett, Adams in their turn,
From breathing thoughts have uttered words that burn.

LAWYERS.

Other professions are as ably filled
By men in legal art, and science skilled.
Judges profound, and lawyers erudite,
In pleadings and decisions, all unite
To save the innocent from threatened wrongs,
And mete the judgment that to crime belongs.
Schooled in the laws of christian brotherhood,
Beside each other, they have nobly stood ;
And in their efforts for their client's cause,
They seldom fracture honor's courteous laws.
And when, necrology records one dead,
They pile their eulogies upon his head ;
Errors, if any, are on mercy's side,
Lest suff'rings should the innocent betide.
Defences round the doubtful have been flung,
So, sometimes villains have been left unhung.
Some lawyers, may fool's dirty work have done,
And thus, a poor, ignoble fame have won ;
But many names have their profession graced,
And rascals, feed by rascals, have been faced
By those, who by the cause of right would stand,

Though stars might fall in fragments on the land.
This grand profession, reputation gives,
To him, who by its regulation lives.
Those who exalt it ne'er of honor fail,
While justice holds an even balanced scale.
I might record the names of many a score,
Whose legal wealth, entitles them to more
Than just a passing tribute to their fame,
As all unite, their wisdom to proclaim.

DISTRICT ATTORNEYS.

Raines, Bowman, Fenner, Davison, have stood
The dread of rogues, and guardians of the good.

SAVINGS BANK ATTORNEYS.

Hills, Angle, Craig and Whittlesey, secure .
The trusts of the industrious, frugal poor.

Van Voorhis, Davy, Hovey, oft defend
The accused and helpless, when they need a friend.
Terry and Cochrane, with regard for right,
Turn not the white to black, nor black to white.
Farrar* and Cogswell are a strong defense,
Of rights endangered, and of innocence ;
As honest men, whatever may betide,
Prefer the truth, to error on their side.

Husbands and Martindale beguile the hours,
Mingling their arguments with brilliant flowers.
Harris and Bacon, step by step advance,
A hundred more await their time and chance.

Morgan, endowed with honors—leisure—ease,
Lives with his books, whate'er he wills, he sees ;
Enjoys the pleasures of a taste refined,
And gives the world the treasures of his mind.

Although the ermine may at times be stained,
Most who have worn it, have the right maintained.
Humphrey and Munger, terms of office served,
Nor from the rules of the profession swerved.
When Chumasero would a case decide,
His gentle nature leaned to mercy's side.
Fuller and Hulett, with unfaltering hand,
Weigh out to men, what justice may demand.
Long will decisions by the Seldens made,
Be final, in the courts of every grade ;
And Gardner, Smith, and Church in honor dwell,
Among the people they have served so well.
Danforth, by dint, rules in th' appellate court,
That is for litigants, the last resort.
Macomber now, and Rowley both design,
Fairly to judge. and fairly laws define.

PHYSICIANS.

When forests, felled beneath the woodman's stroke,
Were turned by fires to ashes and to smoke,
The plough, that overturned the virgin soil,
Laid bare disease, (strange fruit of honest toil.)
When fields and settler's homes were rude and new,
A dread miasma lurked in every dew ;
Rose from the vapors which the sun exhaled,
Hung in the fogs which earth and Heaven veiled.
Sprang up from marshes, swamps and fens and lakes,
Whose shores were lined with rushes and with brakes ;
Rode on the winds, whate'er the way they came,
And filled with ague almost every frame.
The strong man shook, as if o'ercome with fear
Of some unseen, or hidden object near.
The infant shook and shivered with the cold,
Though wrapped around with many a flannel fold ;
The mother held the infant to her breast,
And shook, while rocking the young babe to rest.
Whole households were involuntary shakers,
And little cared for death or undertakers.

Such feelings, would the malady attend,
They little thought if life should last or end.
Then came reaction, and the fever burned,
When fever cooled, the chills again returned :
Like sentinels of death, now off, now on,
One guarded, while the other one was gone.
'Twas great relief when both remained away,
And respite granted each alternate day.

Scourges like blessings, seldom come alone,
So cholera drew its length along the zone :
From Asia's thickly populated plains,
O'er islands, continents and briny mains,
Like angry war, or famine's hungry pack,
It left a desolation in its track.
The country, town or city where it came,
Were filled with panic at the very name.
The idle and the busy, rich and poor,
Were imbecile to keep it from the door ;
And fathers, mothers, children, young and old,
Were crushed within the monster's griping fold.
The sick, the weak, the healthy and the strong,
Fell, where he drew his monster length along.
Few were the households but were found unarmed,
And few the number that were left unharmed.

To check contagion and avoid affright,
Corses were taken at the dead of night ;
And cautious, slowly moving, noiseless wheels,
Bore them in silence to the burial fields.
Few were the tears which at the time were shed,
Over the hasty burial of the dead.
Tears might the track of coming years bedew,
But *then* new pains created work anew.
Then in demand was each physician's skill,
By day and night his numerous calls to fill.
And many a hidden star was brought to light,
In the long darkness of that fearful night.
As gems lie hid in caverns of the earth,
Till labor brings them to a shining birth.
For circumstances often make the man,
(As the old proverb has for ages ran.)
Among the foremost, Elwood nobly stood,
Resisting as against a raging flood
That sweeping onward in its foaming wrath,
Bears downward all things lying in its path.
Backus and Toby, Henry, Hunt and Read,
Were good samaritans to all in need.
At length the dire contagion passed along,
But human ills to life's extreme belong :
And pity's work seems never to be done.

From morn to evening, or from sun to sun.
Then Armstrong,* Ely,* Dean,* Hall,* Matthews,*
Moore,
Filled up the places others filled before.
The younger Backus, Whitbecks, Gilkeson,
A patronage well merited have won.
Hovey and Preston, Beigler, Sumners, White,
All have their friends who in their praise unite.
Montgomery and Shipman, Jones and Lord,
Are reaping yearly merited reward.
Of Beehan, Little, Langworthy and Hurd,
Is heard from many, many a kindly word.
With Ely, Briggs, Starr, Bennett are dismissed
The many worthy names upon the list.
Others have gained the fairest reputation,
While quacks abound without enumeration.

Long since, a Munn in estimation stood,
Now, Rider's reputation is as good ;
Their special efforts for the blind and deaf
Have oft resulted in desired relief.

THE PRINTERS.

But the professions named are not alone,
The guards of right—the cure of flesh and bone,
In this—the land of liberty, the press
Pours forth a thousand streams, the world to bless.
But many streams the stagnant pools exhaust,
To stain the names of Franklin and of Faust.
Strange, that a fount that might be clear and good,
Beside the sweet, should send a stream of mud.
But so it is, we have the wide world over,
Tares with the wheat, and thistles with the clover.
'Tis even so, that some whom saints we call,
Are more like Judas, than they are like Paul.
But 'tis not safe to be censorious,
Lest those we censure should speak ill of us.
He who is sheltered in a house of glass,
Should never stone the people as they pass.
For improprieties, the lash is dealt,
That Strakosch, e'en the charming Neilson felt.
We laud its virtues and its freedom too,
When good is praised and evil brought to view.
As iron, iron, wit will sharpen wit,

And each would hew the other, bit from bit.
Though editors are foes upon their sheets,
They're friends in parlors or upon the streets ;
A common weal each to the other binds,
In politics, minds mostly clash with minds.
Though int'rests may in wide divergence lie,
They canonize each other when they die.
If resolutions could make saints of mortals,
They all would enter the celestial portals.
We cannot well withhold of praise the meed,
From restless Dawson and persistant Weed ;
Who, though a long and winning race they ran,
Are mindful still that here they first began.

O'Riley's gen'rous, philanthropic traits,
For others good oft led him into straits ;
And should they golden expectations raise,
The best returns he e'er received was praise.

Raymond, upon the watch tower of the Times,
Saw the corruption, villainy and crimes
Of the notorious ring, its master Tweed,
And expose made of each nefarious deed.
No race more brilliant than the race he run,
Our valley claims the siring of the Son.

Moore, Tucker, Allen, well and widely known,
Sought wider openings where their light has shone ;
And year by year their busy way pursue,
Adding to knowledge, treasures old and new.

Son of the honored Dewey, loved and learned,
Allured by the chief city, thither turned
His feet ; and from his youthful years till now,
With marks of ripened manhood on his brow,
The press and friends, whene'er he wills to come,
A welcome give him to his early home.

Long years has Harris on his well tilled lands,
Proved the result of well directed hands ;
The lessons learned, he faithfully repeats
In his attractive scientific sheets.

Strong, Butts* and Warner*, under shady bowers,
“ Cum digitate ” spend life's evening hours.

Others, like clouds or the nocturnal phantom,
Have come and gone, (see notes of Edwin Scrantom.)
He, from oblivion to save his friends,
His leisure moments in his age he spends.

Like them, successors serve their patrons well,
By telling truth, if truth will do to tell ;

But when 'tis doubtful to perverted eyes,
Each calls the other's columns——lies.
And for the wrong, the object makes amends,
Their wish to answer best their party's ends.

An argument of reason long bereft,
Used like old garments, while a rag is left ;
A Morey, Purcell, Cooper, Curtis, Lane,
To save the State would party power re-gain ;
Fitch, Tracy, Rew and Pond the other side,
Resist the rising democratic tide.

For finely executed fancy prints
In gold, vermilion, varied shades and tints,
The mind at once the favored names recalls,
Of Matthews, Dove, of Andrews, and of Falls.

CITIZENS AND PHILANTHROPISTS.

The fragrance of th' aspiring, climbing rose
Is not so sweet as that which lowly grows,
On slender stems that bend beneath the weight
Of flowers, whose dewy, heavy cluster's freight
The morning mists ; exhaling from the ground,
And spreading sweetness in profusion round,
The gaudy sun-flower and the hollyhock,
Your notice challenge in your morning walk ;
The sweet arbutus and the violet
Lie hid in grasses underneath your feet ;
From thickest jungles only can be heard
The flute-like music of the timid bird ;
So many a man in lowly cottage born,
Has graces that might palaces adorn,
And many a prince that wears a golden crown,
Would be more fitly named, if called a clown ;
'Tis thus the plans that wisdom doth appoint,
May seem to mortals strangely out of joint ;
We see the first,—God sees the end as well
Heaven to the lowly, to the proud a hell.

There's now and then a man with lasting fame,
Who, in the flinty rock, has carved his name ;
But thousands who, with busy, restless hands,
Inscribed their names upon the shifting sands,
And the next wave that rolled upon the shore,
Removed the lines however deep before ;
Still there are names to earthly fame unknown,
The rightful heirs to an immortal throne ;
And though the mem'ry of the vile shall rot,
The godly poor shall never be forgot ;
They'll live when suns and planets are no more ;
Where boundless ocean laves a boundless shore,
To make the name of Rochester immortal ;
The people graved it on their city's portal ;
The honor, thus conferred, was not misplaced
For son, nor daughter has the name disgraced,
And none to-day would have the name erased.

Among the lovers of the human kind,
Who saw God's image in the human mind,
Whose hearts were kindled with a strong desire,
To lift the fallen sinking in the mire,
To bring content to the disquiet breast ;
And to the weary in life's conflicts rest,
Were Chipman who, in suffering prisons, saw

The fruits of nature's violated law,
Intemperance the cause of human woes,
Of homes demolished and of life the close,
And Riley, with his loud and earnest pleas
In every hamlet and across the seas,
Sought to reclaim the drunkard from his course,
And show to all its evil and its source ;
But notwithstanding efforts that are made
To save the people and prevent the trade
In alcoholic drinks, enough is done,
To bring to ruin many a thoughtless son.
On every street, there is some hellish hole
To tempt the flesh and damn the deathless soul ;
Who is in fault ! When drunkard's ghost shall cry,
Let legislators, dealers answer, I.
Let ladies—side-board-tempters, answer, I.

Few will forget throughout their lengthened days,
The deeds of Dickey on the water ways ;
The sick, the poor, the city borders round.
In him a good Samaritan have found ;
And scarcely less has Fenn *like* praise deserved,
By deeds for suff 'rers, he his Master served.

Among the earliest settlers and the best
Was Frederick Starr, in Christian armor dress'd ;

For battle ready in a righteous cause,
Himself obedient to his Maker's laws.
His son who bore his father's christian name,
When the loud tocsin of the battle came ;
On slavery's soil toiled in the slave's defence,
With constant care and anxious vigilance ;
His labor more than nature could endure,
He died the rights of manhood to secure.

'Tis only fair to say that Alling's gift
Is in a ready hand to lend a lift
To every cause of good that may arise,
No dollar comes between it and his eyes.

Whatever Porter sees is good and right,
He does at once with all his soul and might ;
Be it a man to save from slavery's curse,
Or drunkard from a doom that sure is worse ;
The latter is a voluntary sin—
The slave's reproach—no deeper than the skin.

There's many a name looms up before my eyes,
Some linger here, some are above the skies ;
With gen'rous hearts and their wide-open hands,
When heard, they answered charity's demands,
Watts, Brewster, Reynolds, at four-score and ten,
Had ever borne the name of honest men.

The years of Wakeley, Langworthy and Field,
The worth of temperance in all things reveal ;
Hayward, now old, to his trustworthy son,
Commits the fruits of all his labors done.

'Twas Ward, the scion of a noble sire,
Surrounded by affliction's burning fire,
Decreed St. Peter's beauteous fane should rise,
Memorial of a daughter in the skies.

The plot around the spacious college halls,
Is now adorned by massive ornate walls ;
For monuments that add to Sibley's fame,
Are the perpetuation of his name,
Out to the last remotest end of time,
Or the old fabled hill allures the young to climb.

The Powers' building, spacious and unique,
Stored with the works of art that almost speak ;
Where lawyers, doctors, artists and divines,
Frame their best arguments and best designs ;
Proves to aspiring youth how men may rise,
From want to wealth by honest enterprise.

Potter, Medbury, Andrews, Osborn, Howe,
Reap fruits in age of brains or sweating brow.

The forests fall, and sun-light gilds the glade,
Houses are built and implements are made,
With Barton's tools that quite the world around,
Have reputation and a market found.

The Haydens, Hunn and Spencer, Wegman, Fenn,
Dewey and Minges, all enterprising men,
To meet demands which taste and need create,
Have furnished cottages and homes of State.
With fancy and the useful household wares,
From gilded parlor sets to kitchen chairs.

The toughest clay is ground by Otis mills,
Moulded and burned in hotly heated kilns,
His bricks by millions meet the large demands
Of builders, and the tiles, of farmer's lands.
And Copeland's tiles made hard by solar heat,
Are used for draining many a lot and street.

The public buildings with their lofty domes,
The pretty villas and palatial homes,
A Warner, Searle and Thomas' taste proclaim,
Whose works like Wren's memorialize their name,
While Thompson, Wagner, Aldridge and Gorsline,
Erect their fabrics, after their design.

Hatch, Churchill, Grant, Gould, Sage and Pancost in
Their foot apparel rival shops of Lynn.

Not less extensive is the clothing trade
For every western territory made ;
McDonald, Stein, and Adler—many more,
Have garments manufactured and in store,
To meet demands for all the south and west,
For fabrics cheap and what they call the best ;
While artizans their skill and taste display
In making coats—dress, frock and cut away,
And vests and pants of every style and grade,
Of every quality and every shade,
Suited to every station of the men,
To lab'ers, tradesmen, and the upper ten ;
Thousands of fingers thus their needles ply,
The city's wants and country's to supply.

Upon the throng'd most public thoroughfares,
Are handsome crockery and China wares,
Where Thompson, Wisner, Glenny, sell and sold ;
Their plain and fancy fabrics decked with gold.

There's many a merchant, skillful in his trade,
Has ample fortune for life's evening made ;
And many in the prime of life and health,

Live in the luxury of well earned wealth ;
The Brewsters, Buell, Smith and Perkins send
Their goods o'er lines that unknown miles extend ;
Newton and Semple, Witherspoon and Moore,
Gray, Hamilton, O'Connell, with a score
Beside, distribute wares the city limits o'er.

'Tis said that Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co.
Goods of a million on their counters show ;
And scarcely less the stock that Mann has kept,
From which he has a generous harvest reapt.
A marked success attends the broad designs,
Of Sibley, Curr and Lindsay's well trained minds ;
The splendid webs from Howe & Rogers' rooms,
Wrought in American and English looms
Spread on the rigid floors of ash and pines .
Are beds of roseate hues, or ferns, or vines.

No business can be more esteemed or prized,
And none can well be better patronized
Than pharmaceutics who in science skilled.
Relieve from pains that might have suff'ers killed ;
Prescription stores, as Lane and Paine's supply,
The sick, the languid, weary ones and dry,
And through the day and all night's chills and damps,
They wait on wants with trimmed and burning lamps.

Many a traveller with his journey worn,
Has found repose, from heavy burdens borne,
Under the Bromley brothers kindly care,
In packets, cars, and Osburn's princely fare.
Ashley's and Whitcomb's are among the best,
I cannot now recall or name the rest.
For hosts that were, last year, or yesterday,
May have retired or gone some unknown way.

Scrantom and Wetmore, Avery and Steele,
Williamson and Higbie could'nt well conceal ;
Their weight of knowledge, even from themselves,
For the great burden rests upon their shelves.
Darrow and Morris do not fall behind
In trading off the products of the mind.
And Grosvenor's Bibles and A. T. S. books,
Are mixed with some that have more dubious looks.

Gibbons and Stone, with Martin, Mackie, Shaw,
Teachers and learners to their parlors draw
For music the best masters can compose,
From sunny Italy to Sweden's snows.
The best of instruments may there be found,
From those of loudest to the sweetest sound.

While Mrs. Cary's practiced orphean skill,
Holds large assemblies, spell-bound, at her will.
From Dosenbach's and Appy's viol strings,
Are drawn tones sweet as of the bird that sings,
Or, wild as north winds on their wildest wings.
And with the Philharmonic troupe combined,
Inaugurated for the polished mind,
Through wintry weeks, in halls where fashion reigns,
Enchant the thousands with harmonious strains ;
As when before, Corinthian Hall has rung,
With notes that Lind, Parepa and the Neilson's sung.

The brush of Gilbert, from his youth to age,
Has had a large successful patronage ;
In court rooms, and the banks, and city halls,
His work is witness'd, pendent on the walls.
Judges and presidents, mayors present, past,
From Child, the first, to Parsons, now the last.
And Mundy's hand with skill as with design,
From marble, chisels human forms divine.

What is he? artist or an artizan,
Who makes a likeness of the face of man.
The sun his pencil, and the sun his paint,
He draws the homely, beautiful and quaint,

In colors black and in the purest white,
And hues between the shadow and the light.
Man makes the surface where the light must fall,
The heaven's soft blue pervades and tinges all.
No longer new, the wonder does not cease,
As more is done, the more demands increase.
A process now that promises success,
Is artotyping photographs by press.

The rooms of Dewey from the rest apart,
Contain choice works of fancy and of art.

There's scarce a benefactor of his race,
Worthy a higher, or more honored place
Than Green; not that his skill and genius made
To grow, two for a single grassy blade.
Much better than all that he's done,
Ten fishes swim where swam before but one.
In many a lake, and pebbly bedded stream,
Bass, pickerel, trout and smaller fishes teem.
The rivers, where few fishes could be had,
Are filled with shoals of silver sided shad.
'The poor and rich enjoy the luxury,
Whene'er for rivers they forsake the sea.

The brightest gems the beautiful adorn,
Shed greater luster, when by beauty worn.
The ornamental works of taste refined,
Are made more ornate by the polished mind.
Such ornaments, our merchants' caskets fill,
Full as the far-famed placers of Brazil.
McAllister, and Sunderlin, and Ford,
Have found their patrons in each town and ward.
Booth, Ettenheimer, Rosenburg, and Fox,
Have dazzling gems for bloude and raven locks ;
Rings, pins, and chains, of tableware all kinds,
Watches and clocks of beautiful designs.

Of hardware merchants, Burke & Stone, and Hill,
Reap the reward of patience and of skill.
Weaver & Goss, Mathews & Hamilton
Have reputation and a business won,
McKindley, Pollock, Siefried, Ernst and Snow,
Have stemm'd the tide that thousands overflow.

Among the men whose mark was early made,
Was Selye, who in iron plied his trade.
But, soon attracted by the State's affairs,
He contracts made for building and repairs.
The gold he made, he strewed with lavish hand,
Made many friends, who waited his command.

Was sent in time to congress ; how or why,
His patrons mostly better know than I.

The founder's and machinist's busy hands,
Are well employed to meet the large demands
Of farmers, millers, builders, every trade,
For which a casting or a tool is made.
Nor home, nor store, nor shop, nor bank exchange
Can do without its furnace, stove or range ;
And hence, the busy hands required to fill
The num'rous orders that are made on Sill.*
Galusha, Cheney, Burke & Co. produce
All kinds of castings for all kinds of use.
They toil by day, and oft their sparkling light
Illumes the darkness of surrounding night.
The furnaces that line the river's side,
Are all ablaze from morn to eventide.
Jones,* Kidd and Chapin, cast in crumbling sand,
The shafts and wheels that make the solid land
Tremble beneath their swift and heavy roll,
Or in machines, that under man's control,
Their fabrics weave, or implements create,
That make work easy and enrich the State.
And Upton's skill his engines fraught with power,
To draw their burdens sixty miles an hour.

The lamps of Kelly, make the night as day,
And light the darkness of the traveler's way.
The council room is not the place alone,
Where all his light upon the darkness shone.

The hats of silk and fur the head have crowned,
The seal skin coats the ladies' forms surround.
To Hunt and Kenyon's taste and skill are due,
And many rivals, who the trade pursue.

The Pritchard* wares, from satchels for the hand,
To Saratoga trunks, for sea and land,
Are prized for treasures that the shell contains,
Like owners skulls, with few or filled with brains.

The cotton mills of Vickery* are run,
Steady and quiet as the rolling sun.

The homes are multiplied where comforts dwell,
And Bronson, Hollister, and Churchill well
Have done, with constant enterprise their part,
In preparations for the builders art.
The father, fifty years ago had gained
A name the younger Hollisters sustained.
And Prentice's timber fields so wide create
Demands for labor, early both and late.

The waters failing in the changing stream,
Booth and Woodbury supplement with steam.
Their engines, busily their work perform,
In summer's drought, or winter's flood or storm.
The brilliant coaches through the streets that run,
Their brilliance owe to Cunningham & Son.
Long years of toil upon well plann'd designs,
Have found at length, the long sought golden mines.

Among the largest industries in town,
And what have gained immensely wide renown,
Are breweries, that every year produce
A million casks, designed for millions use.
Some say for good, but others have their doubt,
And men than with it, better are without.

Another industry, to this akin,
Is preparation of the nicotine.
In every form, for which demand is made
Upon the manufacture or the trade.
Kimball & Kellogg, Whalen Brothers, Hess,
Hundreds of thousands in the plant invest.
Standing in sight, in front of many a door,
A silent image speaks, "Tobacco Store."
Philanthropists express their great surprise,

That men professing to be good and wise,
Should e'er allow a weed so foul and vile
To taint their breath, or lips and mouth defile.
But others, philanthropic just as they,
Enjoy their cheroot, all the live long day,
And think, while smoke is circling round their hair,
That if content is anywhere, 'tis there.
One thing by every one is understood,
That if it does no harm, it does no good.
Yet, almost half the youth and men you meet,
Puff their cigars or pipes along the street ;
And though opponents may be quite decided,
The *pros* and *cons* are evenly divided.

Inventors, oft by midnight mental strains,
Have marvels brought from out their sleepless brains.
The Governor valve from Judson's active mind,
Brings wealth to him, and benefits mankind.
And now, to add to his large stock of gold,
He manufactures pins, that ere they're made are sold.

Briggs first made bolts and combination locks,
And Sargent's unaccommodating clocks
The ingenuity of thieves defy,
Though oft their skill on steel-made safes they try.

From small beginnings great results have grown,
For largest trees the smallest seeds were sown.
Two score of years, would measure all the time
Since Barry and Ellwanger in the prime
Of youth, with spade in hand, first broke the sward,
For seeds, whose growth has brought a large reward.
Their acres multiplied, their trees amount
To millions yearly, by the smallest count.
From frosty regions to the sunny south,
From Kennebec's to Sacramento's mouth,
For replantation comes a large demand,
They spread their fruit and fragrance o'er the land.
Yales, Lyon, Boardman, Ryans, Frost and Gould,
Are widely known for nursery products sold ;
While Vick's broad acres, cover'd o'er with flowers
Beguile of visitors the passing hours.
Briggs, Rapalje and Crosman scatter seeds,
To meet the farmers' and the gard'ners' needs.

Of money changers there will ever be,
Enough to take your gold from ten to three ;
And take a larger, or a small per cent.
On what is borrowed, and on what is lent.
So it is now, so it has been before,

Since their ejection from the Temple's door.
But 'tis a need by nearly all believed,
And loss is balanced by the gains received.
Powers and Upton, Seward, Huntington,
Pierpont and Brewster, Gordon, Erickson,
Have grown in honor, as they gold have won.
While Parsons, Hart and Perrin well have earned,
The high esteem for industry returned.

The flour city was a name it bore,
The everflowing stream has furnished power
To turn the wheels that crushed the golden grain,
The pride of farmers ; and beyond the main,
Great Britain's lords and royal household too,
Have fed on wheat that in our valley grew.
By night and day were heard the busy mills
Of Whitney, Kempshall, Ely, Smith and Hills,
Many have been the fortunes made and lost,
As changes favored, or as fortunes crossed.
We honor men, who their good name would save,
Though fortunes sank beneath the ocean wave.
Sooner by far that every trap were sold,
Than men should say, I live upon their gold.
I count the man more mean than "Southern trash,"
Whose gilded coach is bought with others cash,

Who builds a mansion for his residence,
And for a dollar, doles out fifty cents.
'Twould be a pleasure to record each name,
Whose deeds are worthy of historic fame ;
For thousands who have acted well their part,
Have far excelled the finest sculptor's art,
Engraved their name on many a grateful heart.
There's scarce a city spire that points the eye,
Up, toward the pearly portals of the sky ;
But on its firm and sure foundation stands,
A monument to Champion's liberal hands.
To many, the Lord's day—the day of rest,
Was not the *day of all beside*, the best ;
Stages on land, boats on the water ways,
Were driven Sundays as on other days.
For business and for pleasure, just the same,
For many scarcely knew when Sunday came.
Mails were conveyed, and labor of all kinds,
Was done each day on land and water lines.
Champion, and Bissell, and a few beside,
Did what they could to stem the godless tide ;
They formed the stage line called the Pioneer,
From Hudson river to the Falls frontier.
They sought their patronage from christian friends,
Their country through, from east to western ends.

Then followed after, on the water way,
Men with their teams, that rested Sabbath day.
Thus to the world examples good they gave
Of sacrifice, the day inviolate to save.

How many more, both living and the dead,
Have had the blessings fall upon their head,
Of widowed mothers and the orphan child,
When bleak mid-winter's winds were cold and wild.
Though many would invidious difference make,
Choose sources, whence their charities to take.
Think that the silver from the christian's purse
Is better, and the skeptic's silver worse.
But givers motives they not always sift,
Nor weigh the giver as they weigh the gift.
The good Samaritan will fare at least
As well, as will the levite and the priest.

THE CITY CHARITABLE SOCIETY.

Such gifts await the almoners fair hands,
To answer pinching poverty's demands.
A nobler band we cannot well conceive,
Than that which seeks the needy to relieve ;
Regardless equally of sect or name,
Their language, or the land from which they came.

'Tis hard to know and harder to confess,
That some who wear the christian's name and dress,
Are stinting in their charitable deeds,
While others are broad-casting christian seeds.
But I have spoken of the diff'rent acts,
Less of the inner motives, more of facts.
We see the surface. God, the hidden deeps,
Of both, his book the strictest record keeps ;
Ours is to learn the lesson how to live,
God knows to whom and when rewards to give.
We plough the furrow, sow the fallow ground,
And as we sow, reap when the year comes round.

Not only are home charities besought,
By legislation public aid is brought ;

The penitentiary on the hill is built,
To foster virtue, and to punish guilt.
Brockway, McWhorter, reputation gained,
By lessons taught, and discipline maintained ;
The institutions under the State rules,
Are semi-prisons, and are semi-schools ;
To govern, teach and hapless ones reform,
Who have, through life, seen less of shine than storm.
Who could transform these unwrought boys and girls,
Better than Fulton into comely pearls ?
He likes the labor to his hand assigned,
The people like to have him thus inclined.

LEWIS BROOKS.

There was a hand unseen, unknown,
By which the seeds of love were sown ;
Its bounties were like manna sent,
'That fell around the Hebrew's tent,
Or dews that in the night distil
Their sweetness o'er the vale and hill,
And hang like gems on every blade,
And flowery plant that gilds the glade ;
And when the morning suns arise,
They steal the sweetness for the skies ;
Over the poor that hand was held,
It showered gold, their wants dispelled,
When called of late from earth away.
Who else drew back the gates of day,
For him who gave their homes to bless
The mammon of unrighteousness ?
It rather was the constant gains
Of labor both of hands and brains ;
Ten pounds he gave for one he took,
Like the good servant in the book ;

Brooks helped the poor throughout his days ;
Kindred and strangers speak his praise.
The stars may tell their home or drift
Through his last boon to Lewis Swift,
Who first beheld the comet's light
That pass'd us in their mystic flight,
From walls by Warner's hands that rise,
New views may open of the skies.

A trait that dwells within the human breast,
Is to believe what we call our's the best ;
Though other's gifts are equal to our own,
Ours are preferred, for they are better known.
A partial eye will make the fairest plain,
Or, contra, make the coarse of beauty vain :
Thus it is seen in the old proverb's light,
That every crow thinks its own birdlings white.
There's scarce a city on the ocean's coasts,
Or on the prairies but of beauty boasts :
They all excel, or with all others vie,
Or, on the shore or inland plains they lie ;
Few are the towns the people's pride exceeds,
The pride they have in virtues and in deeds :
Their institutions are among the best ;
Their artificial water works a test

Of power has given, that ne'er has been surpassed ;
The Hemlock water from the first to last
All expectations of the people met ;
The house supplied, the yards and gardens wet ;
The Holly works from their untiring heart,
Send its pulsations into every part,
Within the city limits. Skillful hands
Unlock the hydrants when a fire demands,
And drenching streams of river water flow,
'To loftiest attics as to rooms below ;
No better water-works the country through,
And better firemen there can be but few.

The arsenals, their military course
Are of their country's power the chiefest source
The soldiers loyal, valiant in the wars,
Wore home their laurels, though they wear their scars.
And under Williams and of Brinker's lead
From citizens have won of praise the meed.

The city watch, or guardians, or scouts
* Meet many a danger in their daily routes
They walk with vigilance the hours by light
And make their rounds through every hour of night.
For burglars, murderers, and thieves are found,
Like savage beasts in thickets, prowling round.

Apparent comfort is in streets and homes,
In costly mansions with their towering domes,
And in the humble cottage with its flowers,
That gem the lawn from morn till dewy hours;
Each palace and each lowly cottage ground
Lies in the umbrage of the trees around;
Few two walled houses on the streets appear;
Side-lights are cheerful as the front and rear,
All prize the space that lies their homes between,—
The light, the air, bright flowers and shades of green.

Broad highways from a common centre run,
Towards the rising and the setting sun,
North to the shores beside the river's mouth,
And to the gentle elevation south,
Diverging lines where city limits end;
To rural homes and villages extend,
The western avenue, in latter years;
Neglected long, in fairer dress appears;
The Danforth villa in its forest stands,
And Gardiner's 'midst his cultivated lands
Long isolated. Now along the way,
Palatial homes seem springing from the clay;
Old mansions, standing on East Avenue,
Are being yearly rivalled by the new;

And farther out are homes of ancient dates,—
Harts, Culvers, Blossoms, Blosses, Elys, Bates ;
The last more modern now in Leighton's hand,
Its ornate plots the stranger's eye command.
(For Brighton's hist'ry past and present age
See five discourses of their Bishop Page.)
'The parks and crossings like the spider's braid,
From avenue to avenue are laid ;
Trees stand in rows, the walks and drives between ;
In winter nudeness or in summer green,
These well-kept plots with luscious fruits abound,
Each branch in season bending to the ground ;
Cherries in colors, yellow, black and red,
Succeed the berries in their scarlet bed :
The peach, delicious, with the plum and pear,
And clustered vines perfume the circling air,
And red cheeked apples tempting to the sight,
Drop with their fragrance from their dizzy height.
From early morning to the close of day,
The wrens and robins sing their roundelay ;
And with the oriole from well-tuned throats,
Warble to nestling mates their sweetest notes ;
They know not, when their voices sink or swell,
They pleasure give to human ears as well,

Nor that their plumage, be it plain or bright,
Gives equal pleasure to the sense of sight.

A wild conception in some brain was bred,
It took entire possession of the head ;
It was, that hidden treasures might be found,
In lands that lay along the city bound.
So in associations were combined
Men of astute and calculating mind,
To buy of farmers the adjacent plots,
And lay them out in tiny city lots ;
They did ; and there they lie grown up to weeds,
That spread indigenous and foulest seeds ;
They little thought a hundred years might pass,
Ere men would need the little plots of grass.
A hundred thousand must be born, or come
From foreign shores to seek so small a home ;
Some who have means can let their treasure lie,
Those who have none, already cease to try,
To pay ; and let their lands revert again,
To the more shrewd, if not more honest men.
However wisely men their plans may lay,
Their wisdom turns to folly in a day,
And thus to-day before the prosperous gales,
With outspread wings their vessel gently sails ;

To-morrow all their plans and prospects lie,
Beneath the shadow of a darkened sky ;
And sudden as the lightnings from it flash,
Their hopes on rocks of disappointment dash.

In almost every home, however bright,
With cheerful faces beaming with delight,
Fathers and mothers loving and adored ;
The infant and the youth, love's blest reward ;
With plenty crowning all their toil and care,
All in each pleasure and possession share ;
There's scarce a secret kept by one alone—
The joys of one are to the others known,
Thus many a home born sorrow, many a grief,
Should never go abroad to find relief ;
For grief at home in any suff'ring breast.
Through sympathy is borne by all the rest ;
Whatever burdens may on one be laid,
Is made the lighter by the other's aid ;
And ev'n the infant's laugh and prattling voice,
Will make sad hearts through blinding tears rejoice ;
Thus many quiet households may be found,
Where seeming pleasures without pains abound ;
The skeleton in some dark corner lies,
Hid from the gaze of strangers' curious eyes.

There's not a hamlet but provides hard by,
A resting place where all the lifeless lie ;
A gate between the 'live and dead that swings,
When death has wasted all its venom'd stings ;
And whence the soul released from bondage flies,
Along the wing-way to the upper skies ?
'Tis flesh alone that turns again to clay,
The soul is ushered into endless day.

There's not a city where the living dwell,
But there's a city of the dead as well ;
The patriarch Abraham, of the sons of Heth,
Purchased Macpelah at his loved one's death ;
There in the cave her precious dust was laid,
And Abraham's dust ; for ages it was made
The sacred shrine, the final resting place
Of the departed members of his race ;
And Abraham's sons still reverently tread
Upon the slumb'ring ashes of their dead.
And find, before life's anxious conflicts close,
Some new Macpelah for their last repose.
'Tis their ambition, when in turn they die,
With once loved kindred side by side to lie-
Within Mt. Hope's sequestered hills and vales,
Where a perpetual quietude prevails,

Their dead beneath the consecrated sod,
Await with Job, to see in flesh, their God.

And Joseph's sepulchre, hewn out of stone,
Stood tenantless, in silence, and alone,
Till made the resting place for Jesus' head ;
Angels stood guard around his stony bed.

Sweet was the thought to those who owned the grot,
To sleep and wake in that same sacred spot,
Where Jesus slept and whence from sleep He rose,
Triumphant o'er the strongest of his foes ;
And from Mount Olivet like Him, ascend
In clouds that downward to receive them bend.

MT. HOPE.

Within the memory of living men,
Mount Hope was for the roaming beasts a den,
Or shelter for them in the broader light,
From whence they issued prowling through the night.
Young Alexander first conceived the thought
Of utilizing the wild, rugged spot,
And consecrating vale and hilly side,
Where might repose the living when they died ;
None in his grand profession well could see,
A fairer prospect for himself than he ;
Well bred, well taught, and withal well inclined,
With spotless heart and cultivated mind,
He little thought that in so short a space,
He there, so young, would find a resting place.
An equal tribute to the worth we pay,
Of Bishop, friend of his, in early day ;
A like unselfish and truth-loving man,
He grew in wisdom with his length'ning span ;
He loved his Bible more than most men do,
Precepts, and promises, and threatenings too,
But all too soon we read upon the stone,

One line to tell the deeds his hands had done.
Mount Hope is standing silent and sublime,
The poor man's monument through years of time.
The tallest marble, finest sculptured stone,
Is but a speck of dust upon that lone,
That mountain pile, pressing the lofty breast,
And lowly, in their earthy place of rest.
What diff'rence, marble monument or none,
The solid granite, or unlettered stone?
God's angel stands on guard and safely keeps
Not granite shafts, but dust beneath that sleeps.
To rocks, there is no promise life to give,
Believing ones, though they were dead shall live.

On other sides the Roman people rest,
In grounds, by prayer and holy water blest ;
The opulent, both aged ones and young,
For whom high mass is said, and chants are sung.
The humble, poor and undistinguished dead,
For whom as well availing prayers are said.

We cherish thoughts that when we come to die,
Our bones beside our kindred bones will lie.
Our rest will be, as their long rest has been,
In chambers, where no clamor enters in.

So we provide the place where we would rest,
For of all places, one we count the best.
But, though our bed with sailor's bed should be,
Beneath the waters of the restless sea,
Or flames, like Brooklyn's flames our flesh should
burn,
And every fiber into ashes turn,
Or in the forest or on plains we die,
Our bones should bleach beneath a burning sky,
No hills will be so high, no sea so deep,
That o'er them angels cannot vigils keep.
No winds shall drive their atoms so astray,
But guardian hands may check their wandering way.
Dispersing powers that drove them far amain,
May be employed to bring them back again.
The ocean's bed the gathering hand shall rake,
And all shall from their restless slumbers wake.
From rended hillsides shall the dead come forth,
From every point east, west, and south and north.
But still, we choose with whom and where to rest,
Whene'er the heart is still within the breast.
Upon Mount Hope, the city of the dead,
We would departing lay our weary head.
Was e'er a name more happy in design,
In which more lovely elements combine?

Hope spans the gulf twixt human and divine,
I cross—and blessedness and Heaven are mine.
But what, the poet asks, is in a name,
Would it not by another be the same?
It ever seems, whene'er the word is spoke,
That clouds between the earth and heaven were
broke.

When on the summit, we had gone part way
Up angel's ladders, toward eternal day.
Its vales are not the vales of deep despair,
No weird spirits haunt the sleepers there.
Around its hills no gleams awaken fears,
Unearthly sounds ne'er startle timid ears.
In that lone mount, where tens of thousands lie,
No sight nor sound comes from the earth or sky.
Thousands its sinuous mazes daily thread,
Its quiet pathways reverently tread,
Silent communion holding with the dead.
Its shaded wooded glens, its sunny slopes,
Are inspiration to enfeebled hopes.
David with visions of the future blessed,
Sang of the hope in which his flesh should rest.

If you would hear what dead ones have to say,
Go where the scoffers meet at close of day ;

When at their midnight hocus-pocus calls,
Sounds dismal echo through their haunted halls,
And shadows dance on dimly lighted walls.

Death to the living is an iron gate,
Through which to pass, its hinges turning, grate
With discord harsh ; the face, the form divine,
Companions of the soul still more divine,
Must change the life-like color of the rose,
To marble white and whiteness of the snows.
These limbs so active, cherished and admired,
By love, ambition, and by zeal inspired,
Must rest inactive, crumble into dust,
Ev'n as the iron turns to brittle rust.
But to the soul, how changed its low estate,
Death is not iron, but a golden gate ;
Leads out of stifled air, from prison bars
To freedom, in the atmosphere of stars.
From sensuous pleasures under sin's control,
To sacred pleasures of the sinless soul ;
From bread of poverty with bitter taste,
To boundless treasures that can never waste.
From tears, from toiling and from mortal strife,
To strength unfailing, and immortal life.

A dread of death is in the sure decay,
Of all these cherished members ; in a day
The movement of the busy wheels may stop,
And the loved form to lifeless atoms drop.
Can there not be some other reasons, why
We would continue, rather than to die ?
We look upon the all pervading light,
By day revealing to th' enraptured sight
A thousand glories of the wood and field,
That nightly from our vision are concealed.
The valleys, sunlit mountain tops and hills,
The rushing streams, and music-making rills.
The winter scenes, the gently falling snow,
The Heaven made mantle sheltering earth below.
Then night its glories to the view reveals,
That tiring sunlight from the eyes conceals.
Thus, day and night in turn some pleasures give,
Or treasures, that create desire to live.
The seasons, gladness in rotation bring
The fruiting autumn and the flowering spring,
To man, to brute, and bird upon the wing.
The yellow and the brown haired little ones,
The prattling daughters and the toddling sons,
Wind round the heart until the bonds we feel,
Holding us tighter than would links of steel.

The ties to friends below we see and love,
Seem stronger than to the unseen, above.

The aged man with children settled round,
Lives in their life, his energies have found
New impulse ; their prosperity is his ;
Their pleasure and their gain create *his* bliss.
Their children, too, ere they have learned the ways,
Of evil doers in degenerate days,
Are fairer, sweeter, and beyond compare,
Brighter than other's children ever were.
And, in his child-like fondness for his own,
Forgets that equals in all homes are grown.
These he must leave, though great his love may be,
And pass from out their mind and memory.
Oft flow the tears of sadness at the thought,
That by these loved ones he must be forgot.
We've known a mother in the midst of years,
With deep solicitude, shed scalding tears ;
Her heart bound up with husband, daughters, sons,
And some were very helpless little ones,
When the quick summons came that she must die,
Few beds could harder be on which to lie.
Who'd rock to sleep, who'd sing the lullaby,
When for their pains or mother's love they'd cry ?

We cannot wonder at the dread of death,
When He thus comes to stop a mother's breath.
This is but one of thousands every day,
That find the end of life's uncertain way.
Though life's day's journey terminates too soon,
'Tis oft abruptly ended ere 'tis noon.
But there's an antidote to all this dread,
Christ taught that rocks though sealed, can't hold
 the dead ;
And those who sundered were, by death before,
Shall rise and meet, and love, and part no more.
Their Christ, Immanuel shall wear the crown,
The homes they meet in shall not crumble down.
No far off country shall their feet allure,
Almighty arms their steps shall well secure.
No tempter there, unwary ones beguiles
With promises, or witcheries, or wiles.

We talk and write, so well we theorize,
We sometimes think ourselves most wondrous wise.
Without experience, this may be well,
Others may think our theories excel.
No mother's ruling ever was so skilled,
As theirs, who ne'er a mother's place has filled.
No teacher ever boasted skill displayed,

Like those who never birchen scepter swayed.
No King so wise or good could ever be,
But Absaloms were wiser still than he.
So many their cold-comfort speeches make,
Who never felt the o'er strained heart-strings break.
Small sympathy can they who unbereft,
Have with the homes where not a child is left.
Who flies so quick, the torturing wounds to heal,
As one that feels the pains the wounded feel?
Christ, with his toil worn-hands and weeping eyes,
Could feel himself for men's infirmities.
He came that He our nature might assume,
And for our sin He died; but left the tomb
When He ascended up on high; and then,
As He had been on earth like other men,
We might again His glorious image bear,
And spotless robes of His own wearing wear.

Mount Hope: the city where the dead are lying,
Thy gates are open waiting for the dying;
There, every day some friend departed enters,—
There blighted love, there dead ambition centers,—
There warm affection round the new grave lingers,
And time is slow with his effacing fingers;
A thousand added to thy lonely dead,

Bring thousands more to weep around their bed.
Thus year by year are multiplied the sleepers ;
Doubly increased the numbers of the weepers,
And homes are desolate, some buried friend
Brings past enjoyments to a cheerless end,
And every time we pass the iron portals,
We have reminders that we are but mortals ;
We weeping go whene'er the path we tread,
It is our Bochim ; there our tears we shed,
Though some might chide our uncontrolled regret ;
We nurse our sorrow, rather than forget.
There is a luxury in falling tears ;
The fount that bubbles and o'erflows for years,
Gives the same murmuring and tuneful sound,
Through all the summers and the winters round ;
I pity those whose stifled pent up grief
Can never find in weeping a relief ;
Still more I pity those whose hearts of stone,
Ne'er melt for other's sorrows or their own ;
But few there be of all the busy throng
That move with hurried anxious step along,
Or in the shops where hundreds go and come,
Or by the hearth-stone of a social home ;
But drops of gall in every cup is mixed,
And in the heart some thorn is firmly fixed ;

Some husband, wife, some brother, sister, child
Lies in that sacred, oft-frequented wild,
Thither the thoughts released from worldly care,
Return ; and cherished memories center there,
And where thoughts wander, feet are apt to stray,
And spend a silent hour, as daylight fades away.

The empty chair that once was occupied,
Brings fresh to mind when she sat by the side,
Of him who filled it ; when their dreams they told,
Of cups all brimming full as they could hold ;
Of many days to come, of earthly bliss,
Never anticipating hours like this ;
When she with little ones the grief should share,
Of mingling tears around that empty chair ;
And now beside the father's taller stone,
There are five shorter, set there one by one,
And underneath the wind-tossed moaning trees,
Sleep undisturbed the household of the Lees.
There sire and son, and the son's children lie,
And tell their silent tale to every passer by.

How oft we've looked with sadness on the spot,
Where Selden lies and all of his, and not
One left to bear a father's honored name ;

And none to reach the pinnacle of fame
On which he stood ; expounder of the laws
And judge between the wrong and righteous cause.
The sons slept early 'neath the verdant sod ;
One drowned, they called it Providence of God ;
One went from loving arms that round him pressed,
To sleep within earth's colder broader breast ;
Then the fond mother faded from the sight ;
Then on him fell the shadow of death's night,
More dismal living, drawing vital breath,
Than with his loved ones in the arms of death.

But, yesterday, beneath life's mid day rays,
The multitude in their accustomed ways
Of business went the tread mill round of life,
From hurried meals and prayers into the strife,
For honors, riches, and perchance for bread ;
The want of which so many fear and dread.
To whom a day of sickness, should it come,
Would make a scanty, a more scanty home ;
The poor know best how soon the cruise runs dry,
When sources fail that furnish the supply ;
To-day the cortege that their dust conveys,
Moves slowly up the oft-frequented ways,
To that so thickly settled spot, yet lone,—

So little knowing, yet so widely known,
How great the sorrow and how sad the change
How passing comprehension and how strange,
That in one single week four little ones
Should die and rest beneath the marble stones ;
And now the months upon your fingers count,
The father sleeps beside them in the mount ;
The lost ones that Van Ingen goes to find,
Are more in number than he leaves behind.
How oft the bride ere nuptial days return,
Is mould'ring back to ashes in the urn,
Thus from the cradle, bridal, mart and loom,
The furrow, and the sickle to the tomb.

What multitudes who thronged our busy streets,
Were in the office or on judge's seats,
Or at the bar defending wrong or right,
In lecture halls where pedants shed their light ;
Professors on their elevated seat,
With listening learners sitting at their feet ;
Teachers in various branches of the schools,
Who taught by gentle or uplifted rules ;
Physicians who with varied gifts and skill,
Held in their hands the power to heal or kill ;
Merchants and millers, artists, artizans,

Compositors with deftly fingered hands,
Employed their various hurried rounds to tread,
To swell their treasures, or to earn their bread;
And editors who daily racked their brains,
For thoughts to barter for the golden grains;
And bankers who behind their counters stood,
For others; but for their own greater good,
Till constant profits fill the heavy tills,
As streams grow larger by the smallest rills;
But rivers sometimes sink in desert sands,
So fortunes slip from the most cautious hands.

What numbers now who once were in our streets,
Have found repose in solitude's retreats,
Have changed the busy for the quiet home;
Whence none return but where so many come;
The tears of love and friendship are not dry,
Since Rawson from a pinnacle so high,
Fell down. The christian, lawyer and the jurist,
Of mind the clearest, and of heart the purest,
Is mourned, not by his home and church alone,
But legal brethren—citizens as one;
With children, whom his lips have weekly taught,
The richest products of his love and thought,
Lament their loss; we should not say he fell.
He rose to joys eye cannot see; tongue cannot tell.

And now the useful, beautiful and strong,
The man whom Rochester has loved so long,
Whose feet have hastened at the call of pain ;
Whose tears of sympathy have been like rain ;
Whose prayers were mingled with the work he did ;
Whose right hand deeds were from his left hand hid,
Who never spoke for show or for pretense ;
Whose counsels were the best of common sense.
The poor ne'er lacked a friend when he was near ;
Whene'er they called, his ear was quick to hear ;
'They never had a friend on whom to lean,
More truthful, trustful, faithful, than was Dean.
Physician loved, whose face itself was bliss.
We know not yet how much that face we'll miss,
But more his skill and charming presence more,
When we lie low at Death's wide open door,
He now enveloped in the city's gloom,
Lies in the slumber of the silent tomb,
And none with sympathetic passions left ;
But shares the sorrows of a child bereft.
There's one sweet comfort that must yet remain ;
The loss to earth is Heaven's eternal gain.

And now with sorrow equally sincere,
With many a heart-ache, many a falling tear,

Friends bore the good physician to his rest,
Whose mem'ry is by tens of thousands blest,
For more than Ely none esteemed could be ;
None had a kinder heart or greater skill than he.

By day the gates of Mount Hope open wide,
And close with shadows of the eventide,
When silence reigns and nothing is astir,
No sound is heard within, but insects whir,
And all-night voice of tree-toads on the limb,
Or peepers piping on the lakelet's brim,
Or quivering leaflets of the graceful trees
That swing and rustle in the nightly breeze.
But daylight swings the gates around again ;
The grounds are occupied by busy men ;
The strokes of industry afar resound,
Over the falling and the rising ground ;
Old sepulchres are garnished, new ones made ;
A hundred ply the mattock, or the spade,
The engineer his rod and chain applies ;
The hills are graded and the valleys rise.
Costly mausoleums that in hill-sides stand,
Reveal the cunning of the sculptor's hand.
And letters carved upon the costly stone,
Tell of the birth and deeds that have been done,

Its silence best proclaims the wealth he won.
And many shafts that lift their towering forms,
And bid defiance to the sun and storms,
Are not the monuments of wealth alone,
The virtues of the dead are carved in stone,
A simple line records the time of birth
And death ; another line reveals their worth,
Another still, may tell of hopes or fears,
And nearly all of few and shortened years.
The seeds they scattered, other's sickles reap,
The wealth they hoarded, other's coffers keep.

There sleep the men who gave our country laws,
And there the men who plead the sufferer's cause.
There sleeps the Judge, between the wrong and right,
And there the teacher who diffused his light,
There the physician, who for others life
Contended ; vanquished, fall'n in the strife.
There lies the ambassador of Christ to men,
Whose loving words returned to him again.
And there are little ones, whose blooming charms
Have fallen from a mother's tender arms.
There, lie the youth and strong men of the State,
Mothers and children, O ! how desolate.
There lie the old, the burden of whose years

.

Was born with labor and with many fears.
The miser's there, who left his gold in store,
And he who giving, sent his gold before.
There lies the humble, with a slender stone,
• And now and then, a humble man with none,
Or plank of wood, on which to carve his name,
When born, when died, and from what clime he
came.

All these will keep in memory, the just,
Till wood or marble crumbles to the dust.
The costlier can do but little more,
The humbler fall a little while before.
On any stone that towers above your head,
Or any stone on which your feet may tread,
You never find inscribed a single fault,
Or, that the dead were blind, or deaf, or halt ;
But to the virtues they had once possessed,
The eyes of all observers are addressed,
'Tis good of human nature, deemed so bad,
To bury all the faults that friends have had ;
To lift their virtues higher than the sky,
And drop their errors where their ashes lie.

Now, two score years have chased each other round,
And every year has added mound to mound.

Friend after friend the sorrowing daily bring,
To swell his triumphs, who of fear, is King.
Many, alas ! of friends whom first we knew,
Live now in memory alone ; but few
Can tell us of their birth, or parentage.
The story of their infancy or age,
Their life, their death, or where their dust is laid,
Or desolation which their death had made.
A young physician from an eastern state,
Came to this fertile valley to create
A fortune ; found a family and name,
But death and disappointment early came
To both. Their children to a neighbor's care,
Were left to guide, to teach, and bread to share.
No stone or tongue can tell, no search can trace,
For friends or children, their last resting place.
Too young and poor, when their fond parents died,
A monument, the humblest to provide.
The Mendon Allen Brothers, in their helpless need,
Friends of their father, were *their* friends indeed.
Reared them and taught them as they did their own,
Their pleasure paid for all their hands had done.
Though now, with ample means and anxious mind,
The parent's graves the children can not find.

Though strange may be the feeling when I say,
The son knew not where his own mother lay,
Though he had lived to manhood, in the light
Of Mount Hope's summit, rising plain in sight.
A thousand graves are there so soon unknown,
Without a friend to claim them as his own.
But after all, as quiet is their rest,
As if a stone of tons upon them pressed.
The God, all knowing, needs no sign to tell,
Where lies the dust His eyes have watched so well.

When once you enter through the iron gate,
The scenes presented to the eye, create
The images of beauty, not of death,
The sight of lawns and flowers, with sweetest breath.
And out of these, fair objects meet the eyes,
The shafts of granite and of marble rise.
The hands of cherubs, in their spotless white,
Point upward, to the realms of cloudless light.
We can't conceive they are the marks to tell,
Of charnel houses of the dead as well.
In deepest vales and on the highest land,
On all the slopes and terraces they stand.
Along the avenues, each narrow way,
Or in the open light of glaring day,

Or in the shadow of the trees that spread
Their swaying branches o'er the wand'rer's head.
In open spaces and the thicket's shade,
The costly structures o'er the dead are made.
They are not made alone for those who died,
The living, soon will slumber by their side.
None may condemn these monuments of art,^g
They oft are out-growths of the loving heart.
Besides, a mournful pleasure men derive,
In works, that will their crumbling dust survive.
But, all the rich, and all the humble find,
That stones are not the measure of the mind.
The finest dust that time's swift mill has ground,
Beneath unlettered marble or a mound,
May once have been the dwelling of a soul
That held an empire under its control,
Or, occupies a far more dazzling throne
Than was or will be to a Cæsar known.

CARVER.

We can't avoid the ludicrous surmise,
That men will often find some queer devise
To write indelibly on scrolls of fame,
The glowing letters that compose their name.
Some are immortal by their printed books,
Some, on the canvas paint their comely looks.
Some, on the solid buildings they erect,
Inscribe the genius of the architect,
And, from oblivion, their names protect.
Some on the field, immortal glory win,
Some are immortal, by what might have been.
Like swift Sir Henry in the famous heat,
When by eclipse, the swifter, he was beat,
Or Tilden, or McClellan, when they ran
Their races, immortality began.
Some, are immortal by their eloquence,
Like Henry, Clay or Webster, in defense
Of right. And some, ignoble notice gain,
Like Rawdon, when he hung the gallant Hayne ;

Or Burr, who failed in what he tain would be,
Was made immortal by his infamy.

A Carver claimed to be of Carver stock,
That was the first to land on Plymouth Rock.
Chiseled in letters on the tallest stone,
His great conceptions and his wonders done.
Ancestral names, and place where he was born,
His titles and the honors he had worn.
That he was father of the splendid notion,
Of laying tracks from ocean unto ocean.
To some extent, unknown, the thought prevails,
His way to Heaven was by Pacific rails.
He left a space, his exit there to write,
When he should pass to spirit worlds from sight,
Out of our darkness into realms of light.
What shivering and naked limbs he dressed,
What hungry little ones he fed and blessed,
What homeless stranger, ever with him found
A shelter from the storms, that beat around,
What sick he healed, and who relieved from pain,
Without reward, or even thought of gain.
All may be written on some other page,
By children of another parentage.
For, of uncounted millions he had none.

All were descendants of some other one.
And few will read, but with a critic's eye,
The grand memorial, as they pass it by.
But quick emotions in the bosom swell,
And many tears from out their fountains well,
When on a stone we read "our father," "mother,"
"Our Willie," "Mary," "sister," or "our brother."

The spider weaves his meshes, warp and woof,
In lines and angles, round his fragile roof,
So Hair and Stillson, both with cunning hand,
Have run their curves and angles o'er the land,
Sections and roadways, each for each were laid,
When they with chain and compass were surveyed.
At every cross and angle that we turn,
Some object stands--a flower-covered urn,
And then a rose bush on a father's bed,
Or, mignonette blooms o'er a mother's head,
Or lilies, where a blooming maid is sleeping,
Or babe for whom a saddened home is weeping,
A broken shaft for youthful manhood dying,
Where fathers, mothers, sisters hopes are with him
lying.

Ascending sharply from the entrance gate,
Upon the right and left the sleepers wait.

Beneath the Walbridge stone lie side by side
Gray years of ninety and expectant bride ;
With others who in life's uncertain morn,
Through death's dark portals to the tomb were borne,
Over the young, love lingers without bound,
Over the older, reverence profound.

Below it on the left are Adams' graves
In a neat shelter from the wind that raves.

There Wilder's low and unpretentious stone,
With sturdy, strong surroundings stands alone,
Long may its sunny silence yet remain,
Ere Sexton's spade shall break the turf again.

Along the oft frequented Indian trail
Off to the west across the wooded vale,
Flecked with the stones of polished marble white,
Flashing their pureness in the morning light,
Are seen the Reynolds' ornamental grounds,
Amid the many less pretentious mounds.

And quite beyond all others lonely stands,
O'erlooking river banks and meadow lands,
The massive stone whose silent letters tell,
Of Buell's birth, his life, and when he fell.

There too the Fields have fixed their resting-place ;
Whenever falling into death's embrace,
A mother's tears will never cease to flow
O'er Helen's grave, while she remains below.
Tears still are shed o'er Fannie's early grave ;
From which nor infant cries, nor human skill could
save.

Here names connected with the Byingtons,
The father and the daughters and the sons
Have long been gathering to their lasting rest,
Within the sunny hill-side's shelt'ring breast.

A SUNDAY BURIAL.

An old man died ; he bore the christian name ;
His words and deeds for eighty years the same ;
His grave is made in that most lovely vale,
'Twixt Reynolds' monument and Indian trail ;
The day was bright as summer-day could be ;
The hour (Mount Hope's attractive hour) was three ;
The solemn cortege entered through the gate ;
Hundreds were standing near, as if to wait
Its passing ; then they, following slowly, stood
In the cool shadow of the sheltering wood,
Upon the elevated grassy ground,
That skirts the vale on every side around ;
And not a sound the reverend silence broke,
Nor word by the assembled crowd was spoke ;
Nor footfall heard, nor any rustling leaf,
Save the expressive sighs, the signs of grief,
The ashes upon ashes, dust on dust,
Falling, and the sweet promise that it must
Arise, out of the tenement of clay,
Into the brightness of eternal day,
And then the benediction slowly said

“The God of peace

That brought again from the dead,
our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the Sheep,
through the blood of the everlasting covenant ; make
you perfect in every good work to do his will, work-
ing in you that which is well pleasing in his sight
through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever,”

Upon the people's head.

Thus ended all the mingled joy and strife
Of Deacon Sibley's even-tenored life.

And Walmsley's graceful shaft half way between
The trail and dale mid trees of evergreen,
Is one of many scenes to please the eye,
E'en though reminded that all else must die.

Along the path on elevated grounds,
The Chapins sleep beneath the well kept mounds ;
Hope cut from marble with uplifted hand ;
Points the survivors to a fairer land.
Above the stone where mould'ring members rest,
To where th' immortal is forever blest ;
The elder Chapin, who in law was versed,
Ere he would err, would lose his right hand first,

Full many linger round the stone of Sage,
From deff'rence to his character and age,
Lying with others of his loving race,
Who have anear him found a resting place.

Adown the slope the Stanley dead repose,
Of conflicts and of victories the close.

There Briggs' sandstone meets the wand'rer's eye,
Where members of three generations lie,
The venerated form, the hoary head ;
The strong, the blooming, and the spanless dead.

And Louis Chapin, known in all the land
By all his church for his methodic hand,
Has laid in silence all his dead away,
Resting and waiting for the rising day.

And Whittlesey, whose name has stood so high
Upon the list of jurists, here must lie,
With just a line upon the stone to show
That what was mortal here, reclines below ;
Gone the immortal to the great assize
Where judges all, the Judge of all will prize.

Along the height which feet so often tread,
Unique memorials rest o'er Lyon's dead ;

Many a virtue lies in silence there,
The hand that writes can of them witness bear ;
Long will they testify his wealth and fame,
If stones can long perpetuate a name.

A deep depression on these heights is made,
A water-wash, without a hoe or spade,
And on its brink in a moss covered bed,
There lies the once profound, now lowly head
Of Holley, statesman, patriot and sage,
Our water-way is his historic page.

Here Kidd's tall column bears upon its face
The names affection's eyes forever love to trace.

The circle whence diverge so many ways,
Where strangers often pause, inquire and gaze ;
At length is guarded and a costly stone,
Reveals the name and work that Clark has done ;
His country's servant, and a christian true,
Will be the record to his virtues due.

There is one spot where precious sleepers rest ;
A dimple made on the maternal breast,
Three sides have native terraces in green ;
The lower side sinks down the hills between ;

There rests the soldier in the battle slain,
And there the judge without judicial stain.
There rest the Johnsons on Mount Auburn born ;
But in Mount Hope await the rising morn.
There rests " the mother " who in earnest strife
Of womanhood, fell in her middle life,
Beside grandchildren who in infant years,
Left parents childless bathed in bitter tears.

A mother and a daughter oft return
To that lone place. They never cease to mourn
Husbands descended from the good and great,
Whose names are known in ev'ry christian state ;
Seymour from Edwards of world-wide renown,
And Day from Ridley with a martyr's crown ;
They both were men whose virtues none dispute ;
Sweet flowers in spring, in autumn ripened fruit ;
No blemish in them human eyes could see,
We know them only as they seemed to be.
Such are not free from ills that others bear,
But born to ills as sparks to upper air.
These had their share of worldly care and grief,
But in the Merciful was their relief.
There has been *ONE* exempt from sin and stain,
But none exempt from suffering and pain.

What sad emotions rise within the breast,
When round the plinth where Hayden's loved one's
rest,
And on whose shaft Hope Heavenward turns her eyes,
With earnest gaze as if to pierce the skies,
And while her left hand to the anchor clings,
Her right points upward unto unseen things.

'Twould seem to rob the tomb of half its dread,
When looking o'er the ground where Powers' dead,
And Dunlaps, and the Craigs have gone to rest,
Clasped in a robed and royal mother's breast ;
Where solemn yew and fir and cypress keep,
Like angels, guard upon their dreamless sleep.

Ellwanger's monument, attractive stands,
Made beautiful by skilled Italian hands ;
To mark where they must lie who live to-day,
When transient seasons shall have passed away.

The stone of Mumford oft commands the eye
Of wand'ring strangers as they pass it by,
And not a few the sad events lament,
That death so frequent to their home was sent,
Of all that flesh could hope for, they must yield,
For room to rest in that grass covered field.

And in that group the Brackett stone ascends,
Over the form whose sympathizing friends,
In untold numbers with o'erflowing tears,
Moisten the ground o'er sadly shortened years ;
The child-like mother to death's claim defers,
But leaves a life the substitute for hers.

A marble Samuel with uplifted eyes,
Kneels o'er the dust where Jones's kindred lies ;
And hands aclasp over his bosom laid,
Awaits the voice, as when the living prayed,
To teach the lesson he so soon must learn,
That made the ears of those who heard it burn.

There stands the pond'rous stone that long has
pressed

The earth, above the elder Matthews' breast.
The younger Matthews, too, was mourned, when dead,
And earth to earth was o'er his ashes said ;
The church, the city, had a dismal day,
When death's dark curtain fell across his way.
There, on another stone, we read the name
Of Hastings, place of birth and whence he came ;
To wealth a stranger, to the poor a friend,
To bless his race, to honor God, his end.

And Sampson's name, was all his life revered,
Was loved by good men, by the bad was feared,
With judgment sound, he ever meant the right,
He knew full well the only source of light,
The word of God, he ever made his law,
And from it, aimed his rules of life to draw.

The rustic cross enclosed on every side,
Proclaimed that Burbanks as a christian died.

Upon the hillside, rising toward the tower,
The well kept grounds of Wallace, wait the hour
Of welcome to the place of perfect rest,
The peace, while living, reigns within his breast.

In the same quarter with life's hopeful close,
The busy limbs of Cobb have found repose ;
And lofty structures ages still may stand,
The monuments of his untiring hand.

The grounds of Fish, walled in with massive stone,
Contain the ashes of their blooming one,
And newer grave of Mabbett's lovely boy,
The fountain of parental hope and joy.
Born but to bud and wither ere he bloomed,
While friends to endless earthly grief are doomed.

The memory goes not back beyond the year,
When Wolcott's name was not familiar here,
His sons his way pursue, his home their own,
His well kept "acre" too, is widely known
Among the plots devoted to the dead,
Where friends have made for friends the turfy bed.

The beautiful triangle will compare
With all the beautiful that centers there,
Inclosed by wooded and grass covered hills,
The foliage and flowers of honeysuckles fills,
The columbines fill crevices and nooks,
That are to nature's learners, nature's books,
Around their base are artificial caves,
Made for receptacles, instead of graves,
For men of wealth, who would preserve their dead,
Above the grassy ground, on which they tread.
It may be well if it would light the gloom,
To rest where Jesus rested—in a tomb.

Gould's granite front, was first in order made,
Where, when his life was ended he was laid,
He lived in honor while he tarried here,
His memory now, his fellow-men revere.

Near by, the chapel's solid walls arise,
Where oft the stranger from a distance lies ;
And burial services are o'er him said,
Before he takes his place among the dead,
Behind its walls are built the public urn,
The winter tomb, ere vernal winds return.

Along the valley, farther up its side,
Morgan indulges pleasureable pride,
From architects design, or from his own,
Rises a finished tomb of sombre stone ;
Easy approaches, steps, and balustrade,
And short mown lawn, are all in keeping made,
And not a place that meets the stranger's eye,
Where he would sooner choose when dead, to lie.

Hard by, beneath the polished marble rest,
When here, among the honored and the best,
The gentlemanly ruler, chosen head,
Remains of Nash, long numbered with the dead.

Between them Weis' grounds no less ornate,
Reveals the owner's taste and good estate.

Across the avenue, the angels keep
Their vigils o'er the Churchill's quiet sleep.

And there the good physician, Armstrong, lies,
When eighty-seven, lays his bright armor down, and
dies.

The builder's skill on his own tomb to try,
Prepares the pillow where his head must lie,
And Pitkins' vault, the product of his art,
Tells of the stature of his mind and heart.

There's none who pass where Morey's lost ones lie,
But think how soon the three were called to die,
Few were the years between the first and last,
Dark were the shadows, death had o'er them cast,
No marble wings can dissipate the gloom,
Or light the darkness of an early tomb.

Years to bereaved ones, are like winds that blow
Over the fields and drifted banks of snow.
So Warner wished when his fair Mary left,
He might no more of children be bereft.
He wished, he died, and now he sleeps anear
The children, who when living were so dear.

THE CLOSE.

Our days are numbered, few I have to come ;
I close this tribute to my valley home.
For errors, I would gladly make amends,
In places, incidents, and wrongs to friends.
A thousand good things I would speak about,
Of those whose names I've left entirely out ;
Not that I failed their virtues to recall,
But space allotted, would not hold them all.

Time, with a steady tramp, is passing by,
Some ornament his back with wings to fly.
Time is to some, like ever flowing streams,
That from their bosom flash the noonday beams,
And carry in their rapid whirling motion,
Their human freightage to the wide, wide ocean.
Nor lingers once to kiss the plants that lave
Their flowers and branches in the passing wave ;
But if on feet, or streams, or airy wings,
His lading surely to the end he brings ;
Whate'er our happy or malignant star,
There's no discharge in the eventful war,

Rank after rank we're traveling on our way.
Men die to-morrow as men die to-day.
The solemn cortege that attends the dead,
To the last resting-place is often led
By living men, who on the morrow may,
To their last resting place be borne away.
'Tis right, 'tis best, that death should terminate,
This mortal being, this imperfect state.
'Tis better to be perfect after dying,
'Than to remain and to be ever trying
To reach what lies beyond our power of reaching,
Though to be perfect we are taught and teaching ;
Besides of time and life, how broad the ranges,
How frequent, oft disastrous are the changes ;
To-day we're sailing with a prosperous breeze,
To-morrow riding on tempestuous seas ;
To-day a cheerful heart with prospect fair,
To-morrow heaviness and deep despair ;
To-day we may abound, nor want, nor fear,
'To-morrow, Job-like, reft of all that's dear ;
But when across on the eternal shore,
No change, no want, or tempest any more.

And what of all the names to me unknown,
Who, like the wheat, are on the hill-side sown,

To rest there till, like wheat, they spring and rise,
To bear their fruit immortal, in the skies ;
Though they by all but near ones were forgot,
Their memory, though flesh decay, will not,
For there's an eye whose vision wide extends,
Thro' deeps, o'er hills to earth's remotest ends,
Sees human dust where'er it hidden lies,
And guards it till in readiness to rise ;
Not one so poor, or humble be his name ;
Not one, though stranger he may be to fame ;
Not one so young, not one so old but will,
The final objects of his Maker fill ;
Rest then ye lowly in your earthy bed,
No stone may tell where lies your fallen head ;
Ye once exalted ones on marble white
Deep cut, your names may long be kept in sight ;
Corruption though the flesh may be, shall rise,
In incorruption fitted for the skies,
And justice, mercy, truth and love will shine,
In nature's book, as in the book divine.





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